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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

WHATEVER may be thought of the manner in which Garibaldi was received last Monday by the inhabitants of London; whatever fault may be found with the ordering of the procession (which in many places was unable to proceed); with the sham magnificence of the "marshals" (five abreast); and with the inappropriateness of some of the banners—such, for instance, as the one inscribed "The Man of the People," as if "the people," in the very broad sense of the word given to it by the trades unions, had either prepared or taken a very great part in carrying out the movement on behalf of Italian independence—the spectacle was, on the whole, grand, imposing, and, to Garibaldi, must have been highly suggestive. Something like a general holiday was kept in his honour. It may fairly be said that he was welcomed by the whole population of the metropolis; and it must certainly have struck the object of this general ovation that, whatever there may be to blame in the English system

of government, there is at least no other great State in Europe whose citizens would, or with any regard to order *could*, be allowed to meet in the streets by thousands and hundreds of thousands to express their admiration for a popular hero whose followers, if not he himself, have identified themselves with the cause of revolution in all parts of Europe. The complimentary mention of "the illustrious Joseph Mazzini, who has done so much for Italy, freedom, and humanity," described, rather vaguely, as proceeding from "the working men," was, according to the newspaper reports, applauded chiefly, if not entirely, by the Italians who were present; and, however much Mazzini as an individual may have been calumniated in particular cases, it would be a great mistake to suppose that English workmen as a class approve of the means employed, not so much against tyranny as against tyrants personally, by Mazzini's acknowledged friends and by Mazzinians generally. Who, we wonder, drew up these addresses? for the one presented by the City is also not wholly unobjectionable,

and contains a passage which might be severely criticised by those who reproach us with our great readiness to encourage every movement in Europe, however hopeless, on behalf of national liberty, and our still greater readiness to turn our backs upon it as soon as we are asked for something more palpable than that "moral aid" of which we are so lavish and of which the true morality may well be questioned. The City address concludes with the expression of a hope that "the future" of Garibaldi may be "beneficial to Italy and all other oppressed nationalities;" though, if it be the best thing for England to attend to nothing but her own immediate interests, it must also be the best thing for Garibaldi and the Italians to think of nothing but the interests of Italy, without troubling themselves too much about the liberty of Europe—which, indeed, as numerous races in Europe have conflicting and irreconcilable claims, is an aim not very easy to attain. According to the address of the working men "the freedom of the world" is the result which Garibaldi is destined ultimately



READING OF THE CITY ADDRESS TO GENERAL GARIBALDI ON HIS ARRIVAL AT THE NINE ELMS STATION.

to achieve. These aspirations are praiseworthy and noble enough in themselves, and it may seem churlish at such a moment as this to ask too explicitly what they really mean. We only hope that neither Garibaldi nor any one else will be misled by them, and that "nationalities," wherever they are to be found, will understand that, though we may approve of their rescue by Garibaldi, we are not likely to take any part in the work ourselves.

The whole question of the recent foreign policy of England was reopened on Monday night in the House of Lords, on the occasion of Lord Campbell's moving certain resolutions in connection with the part taken by the Government in Danish and German affairs. Earl Russell pleaded that, with the finances in such nice order, it would almost be a pity to go to war with anyone about anything. The tender manner in which he spoke of the Budget must have touched its nurse to the heart. Frederick the Great looked upon good finances and the possession of a good army as reasons for going to war. He did not like to keep troops idle, and thought it bad economy to pay them for nothing. On the other hand, Mr. Kinglake, in his "History of the Invasion of the Crimea," speaks of a General (it was the Grand Duke Constantine, Commander-in-Chief in Poland) who hated war because, as he justly remarked, it spoiled the uniforms, and because it was impossible to manoeuvre with precision in face of the enemy's fire. Frederick's view of war was that of a brigand; of the Grand Duke's we will only say that it was not more ridiculous or more pusillanimous than the one set forth the other night by Earl Russell. At the present moment there are excellent reasons for keeping as much as possible to a peaceful policy, and, above all, to a peaceful tone—the best of all being that an attempt is about to be made to pacify actual belligerents, and that our exertions towards that end are less likely to be without result if we enter upon them with as little bluster as possible. But to say we will not do anything because we have the means of doing something is ludicrous—and this is what Earl Russell says when he maintains that war ought to be avoided for the sake of beautiful Budgets.

It is the more lamentable that Earl Russell should have allowed himself to resort to such an argument as the above, inasmuch as at one time he really proposed to give "material aid" to Denmark. In fact, England has been quite as ready to assist the Danes as France has been to assist Poland. There has been no burning anxiety in either case: but it appears that as France was willing to support Poland by force of arms, had not Austria and England held back, so England was willing to defend Denmark from invasion if Russia and France would have stood by her. These two propositions taken together give us a fair notion of the high principles on which our policy, and not ours alone, but that of all European nations, is based. France and England are agreed as to the injustice of the treatment of Poland by Russia. They are also agreed as to the injustice of the invasion of Denmark by Prussia and Austria. But France only wishes to help the Poles and not the Danes, while England only wishes to help the Danes and not the Poles. Russia, in the meantime, is at one moment threatened by England, and at another invited to become England's ally. It is a curious fact that within a few months, and under the auspices of Earl Russell, a combination of England, France, and Austria has been formed against Russia (which would have meant Russia and Prussia, her inseparable ally), and a combination of England, France, and Russia proposed against Austria and Prussia. It is the principle of Captain Marryatt's triangular duel applied, in a pentagonal form, to politics.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

We have intelligence from New York to the 31st ult. The most important item of war news is that Confederate General Forrest had made an attack upon Union City, Western Tennessee, on the 24th, which resulted in the capture of the town and 500 Federals. Immediately afterwards Forrest entered Kentucky, and on the 25th occupied Paducah, on the Ohio river, from which he removed many valuable spoils. He also attacked the fort, but for want of heavy cannon was compelled to desist. Two Federal gun-boats from Cairo opened fire to dislodge his forces, during which a large portion of the city was destroyed. Forrest then retired, and the latest accounts, up to the night of the 29th, report him at Eddyville, Kentucky, thirty-five miles east of Paducah.

The Federal land forces with Admiral Porter's expedition, under General A. J. Smith, are reported to have captured Fort de Russey, seventy miles up Red River, with eight cannon and 250 prisoners. Alexandria surrendered to Admiral Porter on the following day.

Deserters reported that General Polk had joined forces with General Johnston at Dalton; also that the Confederates were moving their artillery to the front, indicating an early advance upon General Thomas at Ringgold.

The Confederates were said to be re-arming Fort Sumter. Beauregard had been appointed to the command of the army of the south-west, General D. H. Hill taking his place at Charleston.

General Grant was occupied in reorganising the Army of the Potomac. An order had been promulgated which consolidates the troops of the Potomac army into three corps—viz., second, fifth, and sixth. In consequence, three Major and three Brigadier Generals have been relieved of command and ordered to report themselves at Washington. It was reported that General Meade was to be removed, and that active commands would be offered to Generals McClellan and Fremont.

Brownsville, Texas, accounts report that a French fleet was off the mouth of Rio Grande, and that an attack upon Matamoros was imminent.

President Lincoln on the 26th issued a proclamation defining and restricting his previous amnesty proclamation.

A conflict between the soldiers and civilians occurred at Charleston, Illinois, on the 28th, in which between twenty and thirty contrabands were killed or wounded. The civilians were driven from the town, but had intrenched themselves at Giddings's Mills. Outbreaks in other districts in Illinois were also threatened. General Heintzelman, commanding that department, had called for 5000 troops to suppress insurrection.

THE FORTIFICATIONS AT CORFU have now been completely demolished. The engineers adopted the idea, with success, of breaking arches by a blast from above instead of below. All the British subjects are crowding away, and land and houses are going for a song.

GARIBALDI'S WELCOME TO LONDON.

THE reception of General Garibaldi in London on Monday was emphatically a people's welcome, and was given with such an earnestness and goodwill as has seldom been equalled, and probably never excelled. It would have been impossible to have had a crowd more dense along the streets. From roof to basement every house was thronged—in windows, balconies, and along the parapets; while the streets were so impassable, even to the limited number of carriages which formed almost all that was called the procession, that upwards of four hours were consumed in passing along the route from Nine Elms station to Stafford House, a distance of, at the very most, three miles. It certainly was no expectation of seeing a pageant that drew this vast concourse together. The whole programme excluded any such notion, and if such an idea ever did obtain among the multitude, it must have been dissipated at the very first glimpse of the tawdry ill-arranged groups of benefit, temperance, friendly, and trade associations which from the very outset were an impediment; though not a tithe of the number attended which it was said were certain to be there. At least 50,000 were expected, and the sanguine believed that 100,000 might possibly come; but, at the outside, scarcely more than 5000 or 6000 were present. It was, perhaps, fortunate that there was this defection from the ranks of what was called the procession, for had it mustered in the numbers that were anticipated the great patriot's chance of reaching Stafford House at all on Monday night would have been small indeed.

NINE ELMS STATION.

The General was expected to arrive at half-past two o'clock at the Nine Elms Station of the London and South-Western Railway. On this point the Working-men's Societies, Temperance Unions, Friendly Societies, &c., marching from all quarters of the metropolis, gradually converged; and it is but due to those who formed the ranks of these various bodies to say that they were as docile and as easily managed as so many regiments. Had there, therefore, been anything like organization on the part of the working men's committee, who seemed to have charge of the arrangements, the entire procession, such as it was, could have been kept in the most perfect order, and its advance before the General's carriage would have cleared the way and enabled the whole cortege to move forward at the time appointed. It was, however, from no fault of the processionists themselves, but from obeying contradictory orders or receiving none, that this part of the programme broke down almost from the outset, and became a mere series of stoppages and embarrassments throughout the rest of the proceedings.

All these societies had their banners, and most of the members wore their scarfs and orders or, at least, the Italian colours on their breasts. Many of the societies, too, had loud brass bands, and all as they marched along cheered lustily and were cheered in turn, so that the scene was exciting enough. The Foresters came out remarkably strong, both as to numbers and appearance. Not a few of the younger and more aspiring members of this society had arrayed themselves in that stupendous travesty of what is popularly supposed to have been the costume of Robin Hood, and, the crowd being in excellent good humour, these disguised lads led miserable lives as they ran the gauntlet of jeer and sarcasm which their tawdry finery provoked. It was not in human nature to withstand the merciless badinage which assailed them on all sides, especially those who had resorted to these artificial aids to the complexion, which, however well they may look through the misty glare of the footlights, never escape unfriendly criticism in the open day. For the rest, the most perfect good humour, and we may add good order, reigned throughout the concourse round the station.

The station where the General was expected to arrive was the large goods station at Nine Elms, which had been cleared of carriages, and a hasty and certainly most ineffectual attempt made to decorate it in honour of the occasion. Here were disposed the visitors, the very favoured few who had been so fortunate as to secure tickets of admission; and here, too, were waiting the members of the Hungarian, Italian, and other deputations who wished to present their addresses to the General. Every part of this building, in which even the smallest amount of standing room could be secured, had its occupants, and in some cases its disputants for the right of possession; for in this building were all those charged with the arrangements, and here, therefore, as might be expected from the way the procession was mismanaged, the want of method and regularity was more discernible than ever. The space for white tickets was invaded by the blue, and pink seats were taken without any tickets at all. Still, all appeared to enjoy the whole amazingly, to be content with any position which gave them even a glimpse of the great General, and even to accept with thankfulness many which, as it proved, gave them no glimpse at all. On one side of the building was placed a very powerful instrumental band—almost too powerful, in fact, for the area in which it was called upon to perform; and in front of the musicians was the reception platform, where the addresses were to be presented. Many of the ladies were in the famous Garibaldi jackets, and some whose opinions were still more advanced had them trimmed with the colours of Sardinia; and none even among the staidest of the gentlemen seemed to have entirely escaped this chromatic enthusiasm in favour of the great victor. The more enthusiastic and demonstrative wore sashes of stripes of green, white, and red silk; the working men's committee wore a tri-coloured ribbon, with the cross of Savoy and a portrait of Garibaldi, woven in silk, upon it; the City committee wore a tri-coloured button in their coats; and numbers of others wore the Garibaldi medals. By two o'clock the place was filled in all parts. Men crowded along a gallery that ran down the centre of the roof of the building, others peered in from the glazed roof above, so as to impede even the slightest draught of air, and the atmosphere of the place became most stifling.

ARRIVAL OF THE GENERAL.

Almost to the moment when all was in readiness the distant cheers coming up the line announced that the train was at hand. Then there was greater cheering still, which was taken up from sympathy by the crowd outside the station, and then there was a lull, and people seemed suddenly to relapse into a consciousness that it might be a false report, and that they had known it all along; and in the midst of this temporary quiet the General appeared at the entrance to the station, walking between his two sons, Ricciotti and Menotti, and a perfect tumult of enthusiasm broke out. The shouts were deafening, and for once the shrill treble of the ladies' voices could be distinguished cheering heartily. The General wore the uniform of the Montevideo Italian Legion—a grey capote and Garibaldi hat and red tunic. His rest in the Isle of Wight has made a considerable improvement in the bronzed, hardy vigour of his aspect, as compared with the tired and travel-worn look he wore when he landed at Southampton. His lameness, however, seemed as permanent as when he limped from the Ripon, and without the aid of his stick it was evident that walking would be a slow and most laborious effort. As he advanced up the platform to where he was to receive the addresses ladies sometimes offered their hands to him over the barriers, and then his ordinarily sad expression of countenance at once changed, as with the most winning courtesy he turned to press their hands, and always had for each fair partisan a word or two of English to thank them for the honour they did him. A little child was put forward to present him with a bouquet, but he scarcely looked at the flowers, as with the most perfectly natural and fatherly manner he took the child in his arms, kissed it, patted its curls, and tried as well as he was able to speak to it in English. Little as this incident was, it was so unexpected, and, above all, so perfectly simple and natural, that it did more than elicit applause—it seemed to establish familiar and domestic relation between Garibaldi and all the ladies present. For the rest of the way down the platform he seemed almost bewildered by the intense enthusiasm of his welcome, but once on the dais, so to speak, he turned with the simple dignity that is natural to him, and with his calm, melancholy look, remained to attend to

THE PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES.

The first address presented and read was from the City, and contained the following passage:—

Free England welcomes with affectionate and heartfelt respect 'the great apostle of liberty, the heroic and chivalrous soldier whose sword is never drawn but in a just cause; the conqueror of a kingdom, that he might deliver its people from oppression; poor himself, while making others rich; the self-devoted, self-denying citizen, loving the rights and welfare of his own country and of the whole human race better than his own life; the truly good, pure-hearted, and upright man, whose private worth is only surpassed by his public virtues and more than Spartan and Roman magnanimity. We thank you, General, for thus honouring us by becoming for a time our guest, and we sincerely and profoundly trust and pray that the same merciful and Almighty power which has hitherto, and in a marvellous manner, preserved amid the greatest perils and dangers a life so precious to Christendom and mankind, will complete your restoration to perfect health and strength, and enable you yet to accomplish all that your heart desires for the future, making that future even more glorious than the past, more fruitful in great and good works, more beneficial to Italy, and all other oppressed nationalities.

To this address, at the termination of each emphatic sentence of which loud and long cheers burst forth, Garibaldi made the following reply, which he uttered slowly but with much feeling:—

I am very happy to be enabled to-day to have to give my thanks to this noble nation for its generous sympathy for the cause of my country and the cause of all mankind. Long ago I wished well for this day to come, and I am very happy to-day to express to you all my gratitude.

When the cheers which these few words excited had died away the address from the working men was read. This address was somewhat inflated and bombastic in style, as will be seen from the subjoined passage:—

Your name is to us a household word, the symbol of liberty, associated with lofty daring, bold enterprise, and unselfish devotion to the cause of human progress. For your noble deeds we thank, love, and welcome you; and in the name, the sacred name of that liberty for which you have fought, bled, and won for the oppressed peoples, we give you a place—the first place—in our hearts; and while doing so we cannot forget that there are many who have been associated with you in your glorious enterprises who are also deserving of our admiration and esteem, especially the illustrious Joseph Mazzini, who has done so much for Italy, freedom, and humanity. We therefore hope soon to be able to show our love for your co-workers. Accept, then, dear brother, our heartfelt delight at seeing you in our midst; and, expressing a fervent desire for the full realisation of your hopes—viz., your country's and the world's freedom—once more, in the unbounded fulness of our love for you and liberty, Welcome!

Almost all the passages in this address called forth loud cheers, marked enthusiasm, though almost chiefly, if not entirely, by the Italians who were present. In reply to this, General Garibaldi said:—

I like to see working men particularly. I am very grateful, and will forget not in all my life this welcome of the class I have the honour to belong to. They like to call me the brother of the working man of every part of the world.

The cheering which hailed this simple answer was, if possible, even greater than before, amid which, and as if carried away by the enthusiasm and impulse of the moment, an Italian lady suddenly addressed Garibaldi, saying:—

General,—You cannot but rejoice at the great demonstration which you have here witnessed to-day—coming from the heart of the most powerful nation in the world. This nation has proved herself to be the friend of our country, and I am overpowered with joy at witnessing this moving scene—the more so as I am a countrywoman of the hero whom we so heartily greet. I wish to raise my voice to the English people to thank them for the honours heaped upon General Garibaldi for his defence of Italian liberty against despotism. General, may, at last, your noble example kindle all hearts to support you, and enable you to establish that civilisation in Italy which will unite all humanity like a happy family.

It need scarcely be said how totally this impromptu address took the audience by surprise, nor with what eagerness they listened to the short but most earnest exhortation, which was delivered with a force and emphasis to which it is difficult by a mere report of the spoken words to give adequate expression. Probably at another time such an innovation on the established usages of public speaking in England would have been but coldly received; but here it was welcomed, as thoroughly apropos to such enthusiasm, by a burst of cheers.

DEPARTURE FROM NINE ELMS.

Amid this the General, with those who had accompanied him from Southampton, began moving out of the station. There was the same scene at the departure of Garibaldi as at his arrival, though the progress was more difficult, so many ladies now were anxious to shake hands, not only with the great victor but after him with his sons, and even the gentlemen who had escorted him from the Isle of Wight. At last the door leading from the station was gained, and Garibaldi, with the Mayor of Southampton, the ex-Mayor, and Mr. Seely, entered an open carriage and four which had been sent by the Duke of Sutherland. No halt was made now, for it was three o'clock, and the whole of the long procession, which was marshalled up the Wandsworth-road, had to precede the cortege. Round the General's carriage and in front of it were formed a small bodyguard of those who had served with him in Italy. These included none of the famous one thousand who landed at Marsala, but were those who shared in the subsequent exploits which led to the conquest of Southern Italy. These and a volunteer fire brigade formed the immediate escort of the guests of the day.

Thus accompanied, General Garibaldi drove at once to the station entrance, and emerged from the yard into the vast crowd, which received him with almost boundless enthusiasm and delight. Far and near the trees, the walls, and house-tops were covered with spectators, while up the road, from unseen thousands, came long, rolling cheers, and the house-fronts were ripped over with handkerchiefs waving in all directions.

THE PROCESSION.

The instant the General appeared the procession began moving past his carriage, and then it was seen at a glance that its utter dissolution as a procession was near at hand. The long waiting outside the station had been fatal to its integrity as a pageant. Its elements of display, always, at the best, of the most slender kind, were now still further marred by intervals of light carts and chaises filled with spectators. As many women as men, too, were in the ranks, and as the general public soon found out that they could walk with the procession much more easily than in the crowd, and availed themselves most liberally of the tacit permission to do so, the whole of the walking cortege gradually began to wear the aspect of a crowd in motion, with its usual irregularity of progress. As each of the societies passed the General's carriage they stopped, took off their hats, and cheered him; and this process, which always lasted some few minutes, gave ample opportunities to the crowd to fill up the gaps thus made in the ranks of the procession. Thus, at last, the "procession" began to wear very much the aspect of the whole body of spectators who had come out to welcome him, and with the same privileges of moving on or stopping as they might best please. It was not difficult, under these circumstances, to foresee that the three-mile route before the General was likely to be a slow one.

The procession first took its way by several narrow and winding thoroughfares before it emerged into Kennington-lane, and ultimately into Kennington-road, from which point its path was, or might have been, tolerably clear. A good deal of time was lost in these narrow gorges, where carriages in front checked their pace under a belief that they might be running away from those on foot, and others behind waited patiently, imagining that a "block" had occurred somewhere in front; but it was nevertheless in the wider thoroughfares, where space permitted crowds to gather more densely, that the difficulty of locomotion was mainly experienced.

PROGRESS ALONG WESTMINSTER ROAD.

What were at first mere avenues of spectators lining the route spread out into sheets of lookers-on, these again into wider concourses, and at all the great cross-roads the view along the side avenues was shut in by pyramids of human beings, built upon and overflowing the roofs of cabs, omnibuses, carts, and waggon. No windows and very few roofs were without their occupants, and in one case a workman balanced himself upon the high-pitched roof of

a church newly erected by clinging to the emblem on the summit. A purpose, too, was discovered for those flat railway bridges which are making London hideous, for, at the risk of being crushed by passing trains, sightseers everywhere selected these as among the most favourable points of view. But railings, lamp-posts, sign-boards—everything calculated to raise a man a few feet or inches above his fellows—were eagerly seized and appropriated. As regards the spirit exhibited by the crowd, at all points of the route it was the same—an ardent desire to see the General and willingness to wait more or less patiently till he came. South of the Thames there was a large display of that inexpensive style of ornamentation—paper feathers, which has lately grown popular, and which to the humbler class of Londoners seems equally in keeping with a masquerade, a Derby Day, or the public entry of an illustrious General. Numbers, however, rejected these absurd paper feathers for morsels of tricolour ribbon or other emblems more in harmony with the occasion. Working men very generally carried in their hats a paper medallion; others, with larger means and a taste for display, an imitation gold or silver medal. In compliment to the hero of the day, ladies, to whom the shade was becoming, and some, if the truth must be told, to whom it was not, wore articles of the colour associated with the uniform and deeds of the General—a shawl, an opera cloak, a burnous, or that indescribable something which, in the science of millinery, is feminine for the Garibaldi shirt. The tide of welcome rolled along the entire route of the procession, growing more and more enthusiastic as it approached the mansion where hospitality and much-needed repose were to succeed the fatigues and excitement of the day. About such triumphal entries as that of Monday there is a wonderful sameness. The scene in each thoroughfare that is traversed repeats itself in the next; the same pageant passes from one to the other, men stare at it with all their eyes, and cheer the principal figure with all their hearts; and little more remains to be said.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE TO STAFFORD HOUSE.

Probably Londoners never before felt in its fullest extent what an addition to the splendour of their city they possess in the new bridge across the Thames at Westminster. Extricating itself from the labyrinth of houses through which it had so long and so tediously wound its way, the procession emerged just before sunset upon this magnificent approach to the Houses of Parliament. Not a vehicle had been allowed to encumber the wide area, and those taking part in the procession therefore looked along and above a terrace of heads stretching away into space apparently illimitable. In the exciting panorama of the day this was a prominent feature, but the scene on turning into Parliament-street and entering Whitehall was quite as remarkable. Balconies, projections, and roofs were studded or fringed with occupants. All the Government offices, chambers of professional men, the trees standing in the neighbourhood, the stone roofs of the sentry-boxes at the Horse Guards, even the railings in front of public buildings, became posts of observation. In one balcony might be seen the First Commissioner of Works and the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs; on a roof a little further on was the figure of the Irish Chief Secretary, and numberless other dignitaries of State were dotted here and there. At this point, too, a new and exciting element entered into the display. The concourse already spoken of on Westminster Bridge, as soon as the General's carriage had passed, rushed along in its wake with a frontage of sixty or seventy persons, crushing down platforms, temporary stands, and whatever came in its way. Long after it had reached the narrower part of Bridge-street its impetus continued with sufficient force to send it surging and rolling into Whitehall, like a giant wave. South of the river the gathering, except in the windows, had been unmistakably plebeian in character. From this point, although the concourse retained in the main its previous characteristics, there was an infusion of higher elements, increasing on the way towards Pall-mall. At Charing-cross there was a body of spectators almost formidable in point of numbers, and certainly dangerous in its distribution; for, not content with crowding the plinth of the Nelson Column to such an extent as actually to overhang the edge, others daringly invaded the bronze entablatures, supporting themselves by grasping the projections. The equestrian statue of Charles I. was similarly beset, and one man long maintained a position on the back of the charger, steadying himself by clasping the Sovereign round the throat. To wile away the tedium of waiting for the procession he crowned the effigy of the Monarch with a garland exhibiting the tricolour, and then replaced this with his own headgear. The windows along Pall-mall were not less crowded than at other portions of the route, and the greeting of the hero was equally cordial, but when he arrived at his destination night had already fallen.

STAFFORD HOUSE.

In Stable-yard, St. James's, where stands the noble mansion of the General's entertainer, the scene was interesting. The crowd outside Stafford House began to assemble soon after one, and remained quietly—without a murmur, without an attempt at any extempore demonstrations—for five hours. The people down below, some "roughs," some honest citizens and their wives, some respectable-looking tradesmen, saw evening set in at last and their hopes of catching a good view of the General frustrated. Up above them there was a curious group at the windows, on the tiles, on the chimney-pots overlooking St. James's-street. Conspicuous among them was a lady in a red jacket, who fitted about on the leads opposite Stafford House, anon vanishing from sight, then reappearing in another place. The number of adventurous youths who ran about here and there on the dizzy heights was as astonishing as was their catlike agility. Messages came to Stafford House of the vaguest character: about six it was, "He is coming down Pall-mall;" about seven it was, "He is at the Admiralty, and there is a regular block." At last, about a quarter to eight, the outsiders were seen entering Stable-yard, and a burst of cheering welled forth from every throat in that patient multitude. After the cheering had continued for some minutes, the General was allowed to enter Stafford House, leaning on the arm of the Duke of Sutherland. Red cloth had been laid down from the door to the entrance of the grand staircase, at which point her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland advanced and cordially welcomed the illustrious guest as he entered the house. The Dowager Duchess of Sutherland also welcomed the General, and, after a respectful interchange of compliments, the Duke of Sutherland conducted General Garibaldi to his apartment, there to seek rest and privacy.

In the evening the noble Duke and Duchess had a quiet dinner, the circle being confined to eighteen persons, the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, and a small family party, being the principal persons present to meet the General.

GARIBALDI'S MOVEMENTS IN LONDON.

The General went on Tuesday to Chiswick to visit the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland. On his way he called at Cambridge House and stayed for about an hour with Lord Palmerston. As he passed along through the streets the people gathered everywhere to welcome him. In the course of the day he received addresses from the vestry of St. Pancras and from the Polish committee. In the evening he paid a visit to Mr. Stansfeld, M.P.

On Wednesday morning Garibaldi paid visits to Earl Russell and Mr. Seely. In the afternoon he was driven over to Woolwich and inspected the arsenal there. Everywhere as he went along he was received with demonstrations of pleasure and welcome. In the evening there was a dinner party at Stafford House, followed by a grand entertainment. A very large company was invited to meet the General, and the entire suite of apartments was thrown open. The scene was very gay. At the dinner, covers were laid for forty persons, among whom were the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the Marchioness of Ely, Earl and Countess Russell, the Earl and Countess of Clarendon, the Earl and Countess of Derby, Earl and Lady Constance Grosvenor, the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury, the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury, Viscount and Viscountess Palmerston, Lord and Lady Taunton, Lord and Lady

Dufferin, Lord and Lady Blantyre, the Right Hon. W. E. and Mrs. Gladstone, Baron Marochetti, General Eber, Mr. Panizzi, M. Menotti and M. Ricciotti Garibaldi, Lord Albert Leveson Gower, Lord Ronald Leveson Gower, Dr. Quin, Dr. Guerinzi, and the Doctor and Private Secretary of General Garibaldi.

On Thursday evening the General visited the Royal Italian Opera, when two acts of Auber's "Masaniello" were performed, in special compliment to the living hero of Italian and especially of Neapolitan freedom.

FETES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The General will this day (Saturday) receive in the centre Transept of the Crystal Palace, from the Italian reception committee, an address and a presentation sword. A similar sword will also be presented to the General's son Menotti Garibaldi. The presentation will take place in a box or gallery erected for the occasion at the north-east corner of the great transept, immediately facing the Handel orchestra, and in full view of the public. Prior to the presentations a great Italian concert will be offered to the General by the principal artistes of the Italian Operas. The concert will take place in front of the great orchestra, and from the warm sympathy evinced towards this manifestation by the artistes co-operating in the matter, the occasion promises to be one of the rarest interest.

As it was considered impossible, even with the vast space at command at the Crystal Palace, adequately to accommodate on one day all who will desire to be present, as well as those who wish to pay their respects to General Garibaldi; and as it has been Garibaldi's earnest wish that one day more easily available to the mass of the people should be set apart for the reception of other addresses which are pouring in upon him from all parts, it has been arranged that Monday next shall be a popular shilling day at the Palace, when Garibaldi will receive addresses from those places which he will be unable personally to visit. The presentation of these addresses will take place in front of the great orchestra; an appropriate dais, with wide steps leading from each side, being erected for Garibaldi, in advance thereof. The working men of London have also resolved to invite the General to a soiree at the palace in the evening.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Paris journals almost entirely confine themselves to the discussion of the Danish and other foreign questions. But, for the moment, the topic of paramount interest is the enthusiastic reception of Garibaldi in London, in which the Parisians insist on seeing a slight to France and a protest against the occupation of Rome.

M. Drouin de Lhuys has addressed another despatch, dated the 3rd inst., explanatory of a former despatch of March 20, relating to the views of the Government on the proposed conference. The French Minister does not altogether repudiate the Treaty of 1852, and only suggests that the populations of the duchies should be consulted if the conference should abandon the treaty and propose any new combination which should affect the position of Holstein and Schleswig.

The Committee on the Budget in the Corps Législatif have issued their report. The report announces an increase in the revenue of a million and a half of francs; and the Committee believe that the Budget will be balanced without augmenting the existing amount of deficit. The report strongly urges the importance of maintaining peace in Europe, and expresses its confidence in the policy of the Government as likely to attain that end.

SPAIN.

The Ministry have stated, in reply to a question in the Cortes, that they will energetically carry on the war until the submission of San Domingo be obtained.

GREECE AND SYRIA.

News from Athens announces that the Ministry had tendered, but subsequently withdrawn, their resignation. Disturbances had taken place between the Catholics and Greeks in Syria, but they were not of a political character. One company of a regiment had mutinied at Patras.

THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

An insurgent detachment of 500 infantry and 40 cavalry has crossed from Eastern Prussia into the kingdom of Poland, near Koschlaw. It has subsequently had a sanguinary engagement with the Russians at Lapinowka. Fresh bodies of insurgents had appeared at Kowno, in Lithuania, but were short of arms.

The Paris papers publish advices from Dresden, dated the 10th of April, stating that of 160 Polish insurgents transported from Wilna only forty-one had arrived at Perna, on the Siberian frontier, the remainder having died on the journey.

INDIA.

Considerable excitement has been caused among the native population of Calcutta by an attempt of the authorities to put a stop to the practice of throwing the bodies of the dead into the Hooghly or burning them within the precincts of the city. These practices rendered the sanitary condition of the city very bad; but the effort to do away with them runs counter to the deep-rooted prejudices of the natives, and hence the excitement that prevails. Fever and cholera were both rife in Calcutta.

CHINA.

The chief event reported from China is the return of Major Gordon to active service. It does not appear that the Major had received the satisfaction he had demanded of the Imperial Government relative to the circumstances connected with the fall of Soochow; but he had thought it best to take the field to stop the growing confidence of the rebels and to prevent the probable demoralisation of his force through the want of employment. The cause of the Imperialists was brightening, and it was thought that Hangchow and Nankin would shortly fall.

AUSTRALASIA.

The third Session of the Parliament of Victoria was opened at Melbourne on the 20th of January by the Governor, Sir Charles Darling. The chief measure in the Ministerial programme was a new land bill. The financial state of the country was shown to be satisfactory; and, there being a small surplus, no new taxes were necessary.

In New South Wales there had been very serious floods, which had destroyed a large amount of property.

In New Zealand the Maori chiefs had taken up a strong position at Piko Piko and Paterangi, whither General Cameron had followed them, and, it was reported, had succeeded in hemming them in, leaving the alternative of surrender or starvation.

THE WAR IN DENMARK.

OPERATIONS BEFORE DÜPPEL.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the bombardment of Sonderburg, a furious cannonade was opened by the Prussians upon the Düppel forts, which has been kept up with more or less force ever since.

The famous windmill on Düppel Hill has been burnt down. This building used to serve the Danes as a powder-magazine and an observatory. Telegrams from the Prussian headquarters report that another parallel was traced before Düppel on Sunday night, and that a Danish sortie was repulsed. They also report that many of the Danish batteries have been silenced, that several heavy pieces of ordnance have been dismounted, and that much of the upper part of the intrenchments has been destroyed. A telegram received in Hamburg from Flensburg even asserts that the Danes were actually preparing to evacuate the intrenchments. This does not seem probable, however, as a telegram from Copenhagen reports that on Monday morning the Prussians attempted an assault upon both the Danish wings at Düppel, and that the attempt was in each instance a complete failure. The Commander-in-Chief of the Danish forces

has made a report to the same effect. The cannonade from the batteries and approaches, he states, drove back the Prussians. The bombardment of the place was continued during the subsequent part of the day, and is represented to have been at least quite as violent as on any former occasion. About sixty of the Danes were wounded, but the injuries are stated to have been in most cases of a trifling description. The great anxiety of the Prussians now is to capture Düppel before the conference opens, as an armistice would probably be the first step agreed on, and they dread a cessation of hostilities before they have accomplished any military success.

The accounts received state that the Danish fortifications have suffered but little from the fire of the Prussian artillery, which displays extraordinary precision. Nearly every ball, however, sinks into the earthwork, and causes no further damage. The Danes continue to strengthen their defences. They have lately received from Copenhagen several batteries of 24-pounder rifled cannon, the range of which is as long as that of the Prussian guns, so that the besieged will now be able to fight with equal weapons. Unfortunately, their small numerical strength does not allow them to make frequent sorties. The besiegers take advantage of that circumstance to push on their works of approach. The fire of the place is not sufficient to check them; and those who understand such matters are able to foresee the moment of the assault, and think that next time it may take place under circumstances favourable to the besiegers. The Prussian columns will only have a distance of thirty paces to pass before they come hand to hand with the defenders. The Danes fight with extraordinary bravery, but they are one against ten, and the enemy's forces can be reinforced indefinitely. A number of Swedes and Norwegians have arrived to enter the ranks of the Danish army. Among them are several officers who still wear their national uniform. They were received with open arms.

FAILURE OF A PRUSSIAN ATTEMPT TO INVADE ALSEN.

A landing on Alsen and a surprise of the Danes in the rear was planned for the 3rd inst. The troops were to embark at a certain place, not in the immediate vicinity of the island, and skirting the coast under the protection of their batteries, to go ashore at a point where their appearance could not have been expected by the enemy. To support the attempt a division of the Guards had been ordered up in forced marches from Jutland. But the whole affair miscarried. The Danes, having got wind of the preparations going on along the entire line, suddenly paraded eight steamers north of the sound, where but few of their vessels had before been seen. With everything ready for the assault, and expectations running high at headquarters, the plan would not, however, have been abandoned at once had the elements not united with the enemy to render it hazardous. But the wind was too high to trust the open boats, and when an attempt to use the pontoons and improvise a bridge had been foiled by the strength of the current, the troops were withdrawn and the passage declared impracticable, if not altogether, at least for the present. It is stated that the bombardment of Sonderburg and Düppel, on the 2nd and 3rd inst., was intended to cover this movement.

OPERATIONS IN JUTLAND.

In the north the Danes have commenced a guerrilla warfare, one of surprises and coups-de-main, which seems to succeed well. They even appear to have on one occasion nearly carried the town of Apenrade, situated between the two head-quarters of Kolding and of Flensburg. There have been some skirmishes on the Horsens road and near Constantia, and two or three encounters between the Danish and Austrian patrols in the neighbourhood of Fredericia, but they have not been serious, the results being only a few men killed or wounded and some horses captured.

THE CONFERENCE.

The representatives of Prussia at the conference are to be Count Bernstorff, Minister in London, and Herr von Balan, formerly Minister at Copenhagen. According to *La France*, the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne is to be the only representative of the French Government.

An extraordinary sitting of the German Federal Diet was held on Monday, at which the united committees reported in favour of sending a representative to the conference proposed by England. The vote on the question was to be taken by the Diet on the 14th.

Lord Clarendon has gone to Paris on a mission to the Emperor. It is believed that the object of Lord Clarendon's journey is to endeavour to establish a complete understanding between the English and French Governments in reference to the Danish question. Continental papers say that the Austrian Government has notified to France its entire disapproval of the proposal to submit the fate of Schleswig and Holstein to a plebiscite, while the Prussian Cabinet is inclined to assent so far to the French project as to accept the decision of the Estates of the duchies. As it would be rather inconvenient, however, to assemble the Chambers just now, Herr von Bismarck suggests, it is said, the election of a Constituent Assembly.

AUSTRIAN DEAD IN THE ENGINE-HOUSE AT BUSTORF.

The horrible side of war is depicted in our engraving on page 245. Here, in the small engine-house at Bustorf, are collected a number of soldiers who were killed in the affairs at Oberselsk and Jagel, and, hideously ghastly as seen by the light of a miserable lantern, await the moment when their comrades shall have leisure to commit them to the earth. A few short hours before and they were full of life and spirits, ready to "seek the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth," and now—"there's honour for you: this is no vanity." Such grinning honour as these soldiers have is far from enviable.

GENERAL GERLACH, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE DANISH ARMY.

The Danish war and the anxiety with which the operations of the Prussian forces against Düppel are regarded have made our readers familiar with the names of the leaders on each side, and especially with that of the General commanding the army of Denmark, which still so resolutely maintains its position behind the great stronghold. The retirement of General de Meza was thought at the time of its occurrence to be a calamity; but it would appear that General Gerlach, who subsequently succeeded to the command, has gained the entire confidence both of the Government and of the troops by his promptitude and military ability—the latter gained by long service in almost every grade of the force.

General George Daniel Gerlach was born at Eekernforde, on the 31st of August, 1798, and commenced his military career as an Ensign, in 1813. In 1818 he was promoted to the grade of Major, and in the following year took the command of the third battalion of the reserve, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. In the command of this battalion he greatly distinguished himself in the former war between Prussia and Denmark, from the brilliant affair before Fredericia to the battle of Isted; after which he was gazetted as Commander of the Sixth Brigade of Infantry, a position which he retained until the end of the war. His colonelcy was attained in 1850, and the year afterwards he occupied with two battalions the fortress of Rendsburg, when that place was given up to Denmark by the federal troops. In the same year he was nominated Governor of the province of Angeln, and in 1854 again took the command of a brigade of infantry at Copenhagen, being at the same time raised to the rank of Brigadier-General. He afterwards filled the office of Inspector-General of Infantry, and on the 24th of December in last year, on the fiftieth anniversary of his military career, was nominated Lieutenant-General, and took command of the first division of the Danish army. In this position he has become celebrated in Europe for the judgment with which he has directed the Danish force against the superior numbers of the Prussian army, and his later operations have restored the confidence of the people.

General Gerlach has acquired the reputation not only of a brave and skilful commander, but of a considerate friend to the soldiers under his direction; and, although he was, in fact, born at Schleswig, he is thoroughly patriotic in his love for everything Danish.

Of his personal qualifications, the most noticeable is a certain calm reserve, especially manifested towards strangers; and newspaper correspondents engaged at the seat of war have often found great

difficulty in obtaining information. This, however, has arisen from the natural dislike that a General feels to the interruption caused by the continued presence of civilians with an army in the field. To all those who are themselves careful not to engross too great attention the General is one of the most courteous of men. Indeed, a sort of quiet, calm courtesy seems to be the characteristic of the Danish officers; while even the men are distinguished by a steady, kindly bravery which is strangely different from the noisy excitement so often observed in troops when placed in a position like that of the force at Düppel. As an illustration of this, a correspondent, who was compelled to retire from the late bombardment, thus relates his accidental meeting with the Commander and his officers:—

"The entire house had just been taken up for the residence of the Commander-in-Chief, General Gerlach, and his Staff, and the whole place was in confusion. However, our host would not hear of our leaving till we had dined with him; and the proposal to men who had not had a meal all day, and had been stirring from early dawn, and saw little hope of getting a meal that night, was too tempting to be declined. I had the honour of dining in company with General Gerlach and his aides-de-camp, one and all of whom were as kindly and courteous as I have always found all Danish officers to be. It was strange, though, to observe how completely military feeling appeared to have accustomed their minds to the accidents of war. The headquarters themselves had been bombarded, the city of Sonderburg was burning, and the crash of the shells could be heard in the far distance from the rooms wherein we sat; yet everybody took it all as a matter of course. The conversation hardly turned upon the events of the day, but consisted of anecdotes about the respective merits of the quarters which the officers had occupied in the former Schleswig-Holstein campaigns. In fact, it seemed impossible to a civilian to believe that the conduct of the war lay in the hands of the singularly quiet and nonchalant gentlemen collected round the pastor's board."

As we have already published some particulars of the regular military forces of Prussia and Austria, it may be interesting to our readers to know that the strength of the Danish army on a peace footing consists of 23 battalions of infantry, comprising 16,630 men; 25 squadrons of cavalry, with 2895 men; and two regiments of artillery, with 2560 men and 96 pieces of ordnance. This total of 22,990 men is supposed to be doubled during the time of war; but

for some years before the war in Holstein, in 1848, the army had been allowed to decrease to about 12,000 men, in order to diminish the cost of an expensive war Budget. The numbers are soon recruited, however, as the Danish army is formed by conscription, to

which every man in good health, who has reached his twenty-second year, is liable. The time of service is eight years; but, practically, the recruits are kept only about ten months under arms, and are afterwards sent home and called up for annual exercise, their military liability ceasing only at the age of forty-five.

CAPTURE OF VEILE BY THE AUSTRIANS.

After crossing the Kolding into Jutland, the Austrians came up with the Danes near Veile, and an engagement took place which resulted in the capture of that town by the German troops, as shown in our Engraving.

It is a curious coincidence that the troops that took part on both sides in that action were precisely the same as those that fought against each other so gallantly at Oversee and Oberselk—viz., the Austrian iron brigade of General Count Gondrecourt, and the Danish 1st, 3rd, 7th and 11th Regiments of Infantry. In the engagement near Veile the opposing forces were pretty equally matched, not only in courage, military tactics, and arms, but also in numbers, as the Austrians had about 6000 men, whilst the Danes had nearly as many, with the advantage of a strong and elevated position. As at Oversee, so at Veile, the Austrian officers were conspicuous for the daring manner in which they led on their men to the charge and exposed themselves to the hottest fire. Count Gondrecourt jumped off his horse, and, drawing his sabre, placed himself at the head of the storming party that rushed up the hill. Baron von Löwenstein, Captain in the Lancer Regiment "Archduke Charles," but attached to the Staff at headquarters, also leaped off his horse, and, taking the musket and cartouche-pouch from a wounded private of the regiment "Elector of Hesse," took his place in the ranks, and did his duty as a private soldier. His first two shots killed two Danes, who were seen to fall and not move afterwards, whilst his third wounded another whom he sprang forwards to make prisoner, conducted to the rear, and again returned to the front.

At half-past three p.m. on the 8th of March General von Gablenz arrived at the front and took such rapid dispositions that in less than a quarter of an hour every thing was ready for the attack of the heights, where the Danes had concentrated their forces, and where they evidently intended to make a vigorous stand and defend their position as long as possible. Whilst the artillery opened fire on both sides, the brigade of Nostiz, forming the right wing and centre, with a part of the "iron brigade" on the left, two com-



THE WAR IN DENMARK: GENERAL GERLACH, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE DANISH ARMY.



THE AUSTRIANS CARRYING THE TOWN OF VEILE BY ASSAULT.—(FROM A SKETCH BY AUGUSTUS BECK.)

panies of the regiment "Elector of Hesse," were ordered to storm the heights, on the top of which was a windmill, strongly defended by the enemy in great numbers. In ten minutes the position was successfully carried, and the Danes were forced to retreat, which they did in good order and with great coolness, though the Austrian artillery was ploughing up their ranks, and marched into the town through a little valley, partly sheltered by the bay on the right and an extensive inland lake on the left. By this time the left wing had come into action and operated with great effect on the western crest of the hill that separated them from the valley beyond. At the same time a storming column was formed in the centre, consisting of a battalion of the regiment "Elector of Hesse" and two companies of the ninth battalion of the Imperial Rifles. A strong barricade had been hastily thrown up at the entrance of the town, and it was certain that the Danes would bravely defend it. With the bands playing, the storming column put themselves in motion, at first steadily and slowly, as if marching past at a review; but they soon gathered way, and at length rushed on the barricade with hurrahs that resounded all through the valley. The houses immediately behind the barricade were occupied by the Danes, who kept up without intermission a heavy fire on the besiegers from the windows of the upper stories. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the barricade was successfully stormed and carried in about five minutes, when the Danes evacuated the town, retreating in excellent order to the heights to the northward, which a fortnight before they had prepared for a resolute defence by the erection of a strong stockade. In passing through the streets of the town the Austrians lost several men from shots out of the windows, and it was found necessary to clear the houses, which caused a delay of nearly an hour before they could proceed to attack the northern heights. As soon as General von Gablenz had ascertained the strength of the Danish position he ordered the left wing to make a flank movement, which was effected with such punctuality that, at the very moment he had calculated on their being in position to attack from that side, they were at the assigned spot, when he advanced with the centre and right wing, so that the attack became general. The Danes soon found their position no longer tenable, not having calculated on the flank movement, by which their further retreat was threatened to be cut off. They therefore began to retire by different roads in perfect order, pursued by the victorious Austrians, who followed them till it became dark.



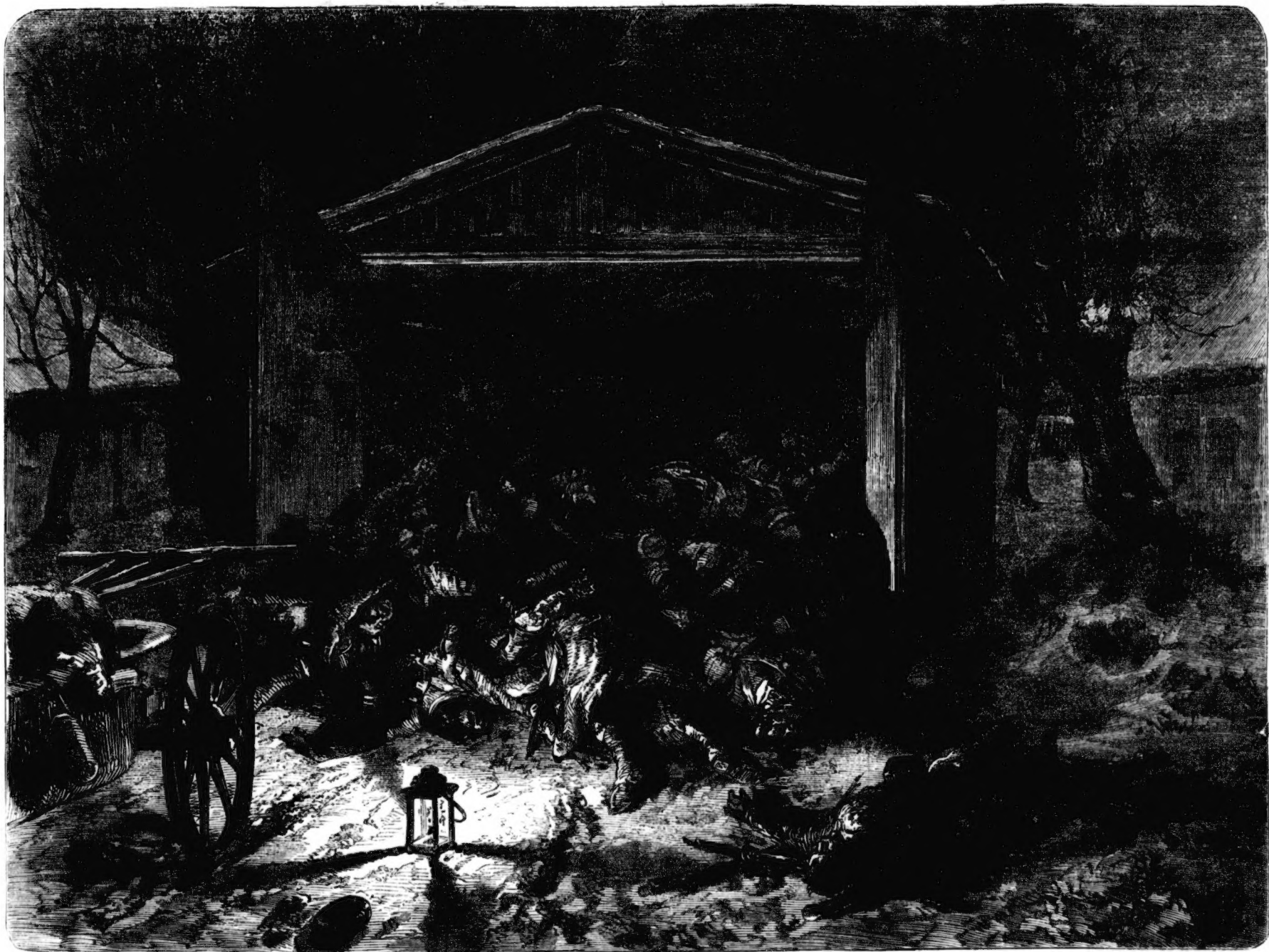
COUNT GABLENZ, COMMANDER OF THE AUSTRIAN TROOPS IN SCHLESWIG.

LIEUTENANT FIELD MARSHAL GABLENZ,
COMMANDER OF THE AUSTRIAN FORCES
IN HOLSTEIN.

The Portrait of the General of the Prussian army in Schleswig has already appeared in a previous Number, and we are able this week to present our readers with that of the Commander of the Austrian army in the duchies.

Ludwig Freiherr von Gablenz, whose father was a Lieutenant-General in the army of Saxony, was born at Dresden on the 19th of July, 1814. He entered the Riding-school at an early age, and served for some years in the Saxon cavalry, until at length he persuaded his father to allow him to serve in the Austrian army, which had long been the scene of his ambition. In the infantry, the cavalry, and on the general staff of this service he continued to hold various positions, and in the period between 1835 and 1839 he joined the army of Italy, and thus completed his military education under Marshal Radetzky, acquiring the knowledge of which he afterwards made such successful application. In 1848 he accompanied Wallmoden to Italy, where he served in every battle from that of Santa Lucia to the end of the campaign. After these operations he obtained the rank of Major, and was transferred to another position where active military duties enabled him to display the results of his former experience.

At the battle of Lodi he was severely wounded, and was afterwards (in November, 1848) appointed to the staff of a corps which occupied the borders of Galicia; and finally took up a position on the Hungarian frontier. He had now gained the reputation of a brave and able officer, and in 1849 was made Captain of the Prince Eugene Dragoons, accompanying Prince Schwarzenburg on his political mission to Warsaw, and afterwards remaining as the Austrian representative commissioner with the Russian General, Grabbe, at the siege of the fortress of Komorn, at the end of the Hungarian war. He was then sent on a diplomatic mission to Dresden, where he attended the conference. In 1854 he became Brigadier-General of the army of occupation, in Jassy, where he still further distinguished himself, and in 1857 rejoined the army in Italy with the same rank. In 1859 he advanced with the seventh army corps into Piedmont, where he made a decided stand with his division during the most important part of the operations. In Magenta, Solferino, and all the great battles in Italy in which the Austrians were engaged, General Gablenz was occupied with distinction, and the year 1863 brought him his present rank of Lieutenant Field Marshal, in which capacity he has commanded the Austrian contingent in the war with Denmark.



DEAD BODIES FROM THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF OBER-ELK AND JAGEL, IN THE FIRE-ENGINE HOUSE AT BUSTORF.—(FROM A SKETCH BY AUGUSTUS BARK)

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SONDERBURG.

A correspondent, writing from the Isle of Alsen on the 5th inst., gives the following account of the cannonade upon Sonderburg by the Prussians:—

Sonderburg is half burnt to the ground, and the Headquarters Staff are moved to the village of Ulkebøl, about two miles from Sonderburg. The Commander-in-Chief occupies the hospitable house of the parson, one of the prettiest cottages in Denmark, and belonging to one of the best and wealthiest of men. The few hundred soldiers who occupied barracks and empty houses in the little town are also removed to the neighbouring farmhouses and to timber blockhouses, which had already been erected in numbers through the island. Beyond this little inconvenience the bombardment of the town has been of no military utility whatever; consequently, the indignation which has arisen at what is here considered the most cruel and scandalous act of modern times is vivid in the minds of the Danes beyond what would be at all expected in so impassive a people. The slight bombardment of Sonderburg, which took place on the 15th of March, was discontinued after about twenty shots were thrown into the town, and a sort of apology was made in the German papers for the barbarity of such an act without notice, on the plea that it was a mere effort to drive the ships from the harbour—an effort which they had successfully accomplished. On and after that day the inhabitants had commenced to remove their families and effects from the town; but, on reading the version of the affair in the German papers, they began after a little time to return to their homes with their goods and chattels. So matters remained from the 15th of March until Saturday the 2nd of April, when, at five o'clock in the evening, an hour and a half only before dusk, without one hour's notice to the wretched inhabitants, an infuriate bombardment of the town commenced, continuing through the greater part of the night, and firing, sometimes, at the rate of five or six shots a minute. Men, women, and children of the civilian population—a population which the Prussians professedly came to befriend and enfranchise—were fearfully murdered and mutilated in the streets and in their beds. Troops of miserable people, the old and the sick, women in the pangs of labour, and children from beds of fever and scarlatina, were all the night in torrents of rain, rushing or weakly crawling from the blazing town amid the thunder of continuous artillery and the bursting and crashing of the hissing shells. On Sunday morning there was a slight cessation of the bombardment for a time. But a little later in the day the horrible work recommenced, and was continued through a great part of the night, and, with occasional intermissions, till Tuesday.

SONDERBURG AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

Another correspondent thus describes the scene presented in the town on the cessation of the bombardment on Thursday, the 5th inst.:—

There is always, he says, some secret, savage pleasure in the contemplation of devastation on a large scale. As for myself, after two nights' unrest, I felt my head in a glow, and my fancy wandered freely, conjuring up old recollections of battered Gaeta, and jumbling up those blackened shafts and crumbling gables with the stripped columns and riven arches of the Roman Forum. No less than 90 or 100 dwellings in one cluster were made utterly uninhabitable; about one score were burnt to the ground, some of them were still crackling and reeking; the furniture of many of them, rescued from the ruins, was piled up, a miserable heap, in the middle of the street. People moved about, gazing their full, forgetting their own errands in speechless contemplation of other people's troubles. Business did not seem to have ceased in the town; life was not to all appearance extinct. Most shops were open, never having been closed; owners laid no claims to their property; nor did anybody covet what seemed to belong to nobody. The two streets sloping down on each side of the Townhall were comparatively uninjured; but they were the dustiest and most deserted of the town districts. All interest centred on these poor fragments in the centre. At that window used to sit, and sat till last evening, a pretty milliner, the most ardent flirt of the town. There, past that gateway, that good old doctor stopped you, on hospitable thoughts intent, and offered you a bed, screened, as he fancied, by the position of his house from the enemy's fire. Where are the bed and the house now? What has become of the doctor? What of the little milliner? Safe, somewhere or other, very likely; but their home is no more. In that house General Gerlach dined only two days before; further, the officers of the Staff welcomed you with a friendly smile not twenty-four hours since. This was the town post office; that the army post office; yonder lies the Holsteinsche Haus, long wonted to refresh us with its rancid smörgåsen and bitter thin beer. Why, our familiar haunts of the last two months are all blotted out at one swoop; our dearest associations with beleaguered Sonderburg have vanished like a dream. And these poor inhabitants? Why, to them the haunts of youth and age, the associations of a lifetime, are gone for ever. The Prussians made their home a target for their untired artillery, and the substance of their life recollections was blown down to a mere blank.

Twenty-two, between dead and wounded, were picked out of the ruins on Saturday evening. Fifty-seven more were added to the list of casualties in the night and on Sunday morning. Women and children were among the dead. A young shopkeeper and his pretty wife had closed their premises, and were standing at their door ready to leave, when a shell burst almost at their feet, and their bodies were so shattered that the limbs of the one could not be told from those of the other.

A. M. SUBRA has invented a new system of footlights, by which much of the peril to articles on the stage is avoided, and the nuisance of fumes streaming upward in their faces obviated. A third advantage is said to be that it effects a saving of 50 per cent.

PROPERTY to the value of £1000, which had been stolen from the shop of Brown and Muff, drapers, Bradford, in March, has been discovered concealed beneath the pulpit of a Wesleyan chapel, at Catley Heights, near Bradford, access having been burglariously obtained to the chapel by means of false keys. The goods were deposited underneath the floor, which was reached through a hole under the pulpit.

GARIBOLDI, while in the Isle of Wight, planted a tree of the Wellingtonia gigantea species in the garden of the Poet Laureate, Mr. Tennyson. Some foolish or malicious persons on Saturday night made their way into the garden and broke off and carried away two branches from the tree—as memorials, we suppose, of the General and the Poet. Such conduct cannot be too strongly condemned, as well as the persistent and vulgar intrusion upon his garden and grounds to which it seems Mr. Tennyson is subjected.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CORK.—Queen's College, Cork, has twice since its foundation narrowly escaped total destruction by fire, and there was a strong suspicion these fires were wilful. A strange scandal arose out of the first of these conflagrations. It happened in 1862, and in the course of last year one of the professors, Dr. Bullen, wrote a letter to the Irish Government charging Sir Robert Kane, the Principal of the college, with having come to him and attempted to persuade him to sign a report implicating certain parties in the incendiary acts. The Lord Chancellor of Ireland and other visitors of the college inquired into the charges yesterday, when a letter was received from Dr. Bullen unreservedly withdrawing the charges he had made against Sir Robert Kane. The Lord Chancellor intimated that this letter would be forwarded to the Lord Lieutenant.

THE MEXICAN THRONE.—Difficulties are now removed, scruples satisfied, hesitation at an end, and the Prince, who only three days ago was simply an Austrian Archduke, is now Maximilian, first Emperor of Mexico (or of the Mexicans). On Sunday the members of the deputation were received by him, and their head, M. Gutierrez de Estrada, addressed him in the complimentary terms usual on the accession of a Sovereign, presented to him the result of the votes of the various Mexican "nationalities," and, in their name, formally tendered him the crown, which was accepted. M. Gutierrez de Estrada returned thanks for the signal favour conferred on Mexico by this gracious acceptance, and, on behalf of his countrymen, did homage there and then and swore fidelity to the new Emperor. The Mexican flag was at once hoisted on the roof of the Archducal residence and saluted by the guns of the place, after which a Te Deum was performed. The new Sovereign has, then, at last consented to renounce his rights to the throne of Austria as well as his share of the family heritage, said to amount to twenty millions of florins. The renunciation of the crown may, however, be repealed in the event of his resigning the throne before the term of six years. If a country in which political changes were so frequent can manage to get on without revolution or serious insurrection for so long a period, we may anticipate a long and tranquil reign for its new Sovereign. The new Emperor and Empress were to have started for Mexico on Monday, but a slight attack of illness under which his Majesty has been suffering has delayed their departure a few days.

FREEMASONRY IN WALES.—CONSECRATION OF A NEW LODGE AND INSTALLATION OF THE WORSHIPFUL MASTER.—On Thursday, the 5th ult., Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., M.P. for Denbighshire, and the Provincial Grand Master for North Wales and Salop, inaugurated a new lodge (No. 998 on the register of the Grand Lodge of England), at the Royal Oak Hotel, Welshpool, Montgomeryshire, being the first Freemason's lodge ever held in that county. After the ceremony of consecration, the W. Bro. T. W. J. Goldsboro', M.D., Past Master of the Jordan Lodge, No. 201, London, was duly installed as first Master of the lodge. The following distinguished members of the Grand Lodge and Bro. visitors were present:—The Rt. Wl. Bro. Dymock, Deputy Grand Master; Rt. Wl. Bro. Wigan; Prov. G. Sec.; Rt. Wl. Bros. P. B. Owen and Foundriner, Prov. G. Wardens; Rt. Wl. Bro. Randall, Prov. G. Superintendent of Works; Bro. Henry Muggridge, P.M. of 192; Bro. Dr. Oakley, Salop; Bro. Francis Smith, London and Newton Abbott; Bro. Major B. Williams, Penarth; Bro. Jos. Beattie, Birmingham; Bro. Wosnam, Newtown; and Bro. Stansfield and Phillips, P.M.s, Shrewsbury. A very agreeable evening was spent by the brethren of "the mystic tie" under the presidency of the Grand Master. The band of the Montgomeryshire Yeomanry Cavalry (of which corps Sir Watkin W. Wynn is Colonel) played an appropriate selection during the banquet.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 231.

THE BUDGET NIGHT.

THE Budget—Gladstone being Chancellor of the Exchequer—excites as much interest as the bringing out of a new opera, or as the publication of a new Waverley novel did forty years ago, when, as we remember well, impatient booksellers in country towns used to wait at the hotel for the arrival of the coach which was to bring down the sheets. Within a week or two of our great Parliamentary exhibition, members of Parliament are pestered with letters and with personal applications to get constituents into the Strangers' Gallery; and within an hour after the books are opened for members to put their names down for the Speaker and Ladies' Galleries every seat is taken. Mr. Speaker's dignified seclusion is invaded by importunate epistles; and his secretary views with dismay, when he returns from his piscatory amusement after the Easter holidays, the pile of work which awaits him. At eight o'clock in the morning of the great day, strangers having orders begin to assemble in St. Stephen's hall, provided with refreshments and books, that they may support nature and while away, by reading, the dreary hours which must elapse before the gallery opens. We may, however, note here, that most of the holders of orders do not come themselves thus early: they send their servants, or men picked up for the occasion to act as *loci tenentes*. Long before Mr. Speaker enters, the public lobby is crowded; and when he marches up the house with his Chaplain to prayers, he finds that it is filled with unwonted worshippers. And the excitement to hear and see the great performer increases. On Thursday, last week, the crowd in the lobby was greater than we ever saw it before; so great, indeed, that it was very difficult for the police to keep a clear passage for the Speaker and the members; and at half-past four o'clock there could not have been less than 500 members present inside. Nor were peers of the realm wanting to give éclat to the scene. Their place is under the gallery, but that was soon filled, and when the Upper House adjourned, about five o'clock, there was such an influx of peers that, after filling up the Ambassadors' seats, the Sergeant-at-Arms had to get permission from the Speaker to open the members' side galleries below the line of the bar to members of the Upper House. There sat the Earl of Derby, the burly, handsome Archbishop of York, the new Bishop of Gloucester; Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the venerable Lord Montagu, &c. The latter was himself Chancellor of the Exchequer once, and is now Comptroller, whatever that may be, and is always present in the House when financial questions are on. His Lordship is, however, getting old and infirm, and, as he has taken to wearing his beard, which is as white as driven snow, he looks very venerable. His Lordship having occasion late in the evening to leave his place, on attempting to return to it got lost. Somehow he took the wrong turning, got amongst the members, and there being reminded that he was out of place and out of order, he wandered away, along the upper lobby and down a back stairs, and at length found himself, to his great dismay, behind the Speaker's chair. No harm, however, came of his blunder. He was not taken into custody. One of the messengers, seeing the noble Lord's perplexity, conducted him back to his right seat.

LOBBY SCENES.

In the outer lobby there were not a few scenes worthy of description, if we had but the requisite graphic skill to describe them. Here are some three or four. Enter into the lobby a tall clerical gentleman. He wears a straight coat, a looped hat, with the rose in front, and must be a dignitary of the Church; not a Bishop, though, for he has no apron; probably a Dean, rural or metropolitan; or, it may be, an Archdeacon. He walks straight to the door. "My name is on your list for under the gallery," he says to the doorkeeper. "No," replies the janitor; "I have not your name." "But I have a letter from Mr. So-and-So telling me that he has put down my name." "No, it is not there, and you must stand back; for you are in the way of the members." "But"—"I cannot listen to you. Your name is not here, and you really must stand back." His Reverence is dismayed, and seems inclined to be rebellious. But suddenly the inspector of police touches him on the shoulder, and, dignitary as he is, he finds that here there is no respect to persons, and that he, too, must obey. We saw this gentleman some time afterwards in the crowd, evidently much ruffled; but there was no help. At home, doubtless, he is a great man; but here his clerical hat and rosette all go for nothing. Had he but the magical apron now he might walk in unchallenged, but, wanting that, he has no more power or privilege here than Jack Noakes or Tom Styles, who stand by his side. That tall, mustached gentleman, with the long whiskers, who swings with such an air to the door, is the eldest son of an Earl. Will he get in? "No, my Lord, the gallery is full." "But I have a right to go in." "Your right cannot make room, my Lord. I am sorry for you, but you cannot enter. Will you oblige me by standing back?" And again the policeman appears on the scene, and even the Earl's son bows to the majesty of the law, and has to be thrust into the crowd like a common man. But who is that thin, swarthy, shabbily-dressed foreigner, who, after speaking to the doorkeeper, receives a bow in return, and marches straight in without let or hindrance? Surely he is not a member? No; he is an Ambassador from some South American Republic, and, in virtue of his diplomatic position, goes into the Diplomatic Gallery. And now there hurries up to the door a tall, stout, big man, with two companions, each of them with a coat on his arm. Let us listen to what they have to say. "I've got an order," says the stout man, puffing and blowing like a grampus, as he takes off his hat and wipes his bald head with a capacious many-coloured silk handkerchief. "Am I to go in here?" "No, no," is the reply, "every gallery is full." "Yes, but I've got an order from my member, do yer see, and I must go somewhere. I'm one of his tenants, and I've come a hundred miles." "I'm sorry for it, for you cannot get in." "Oh, dash it! I must get in somewhere. Can I see my member?" "No, indeed; and he could not help you. Stand back! Stand back!" impatiently says the doorkeeper, as the burly farmer and his friends plant themselves right in front of the door, quite unconscious that they are actually jostling and impeding the progress of members of Parliament and Peers of the realm. Suddenly, however, he, too, is clapped on the shoulder, and, turning round, finds himself face to face with the imposing inspector of police. "You must stand back," says the inspector. "But I tell you I've got an order." "You must stand back, Sir," is the sharp reply, and he and his friends are thrust, like the Church dignitary and the Peer's son, into the crowd, very indignant, but helpless. The spokesman tried hard to convince the policeman that "there must be summat wrong somewhere," as he phrased it. Gradually, however, light broke upon his benighted mind, and he came to learn that, as there was no room, his order was of no more value than a cheque upon a broken bank. "It's a regular sell, though, ain't it?" he said to us later in the evening; "however, we saw some of the great folks, if we didn't hear 'em." And so, for an hour or so, matters went on; the crowd swaying about, the doorkeepers absolutely so mobbed at times that they were at their wits' end. For theirs is no light task on such occasions: they have to answer fifty questions in a minute. They have to examine their list to see whose names are thereon; and, chiefest of all their duties, they have, with all these disturbances and calls upon their attention, to see that no stranger enters the house.

INSIDE THE HOUSE.

But it is over half-past four. The immediate vicinity of the door is getting somewhat less thronged. Most of the members are in; the galleries are all full; and, though there is the same crowd of strangers in the lobby—most of them armed with orders—they now understand that their case is entirely hopeless, and, by the energetic and judicious management of the police, have been drilled into something like order. All hope of getting into the house, as we have said, is gone. No stranger of less importance than a Peer or an Ambassador will find it possible to enter. Church dignitaries, Peers' eldest sons, baronets, knights, esquires, and gentlemen are all shut out, and must content themselves to sink their dignity and

stand amongst the crowd; for, with every wish to accommodate and ample power to give orders, neither Speaker, nor Sergeant-at-Arms, nor members can do impossibilities. Orders they can give; but they cannot make room. And now let us leave our post of observation in the lobby and go inside. How full the house is! Below there is scarcely room for a mouse. See, the very gangway is occupied by members, squatting upon the steps; and all the seats in the usually empty galleries are occupied. It is a fine sight; and, if we had time for reflection, we have plenty of food for meditation here; for in the House of Commons, *clarum et venerabile nomen gentibus*. We often hear the House of Commons ridiculed. Punch weekly makes fun of its sayings and doings, and in every potherhouse through the kingdom it is sharply criticised; but it is, nevertheless, the most august, and venerable, and potent assembly that the world ever saw, and can never be thought of by Englishmen without gratitude or seen without admiration. But, see! the great orator rises, and all is still. "But how listlessly he begins, and what an awkward position that is, as he leans lazily on the box before him!" Yes; but he is only beginning. He will soon change all that as he warms to his work. No good orator dashes into his subject with a spring. It is laid down by all authorities that an exordium should be calm and easy, so as gradually to prepare both speakers and hearers. Observe, he has already changed his position. Now he stands upright, and faces his audience; and anon, when occasion calls for it, he will grow impassioned both in word and action, turning to every point of the house as cheers or dissent catch his ear, to adapt the word to the action and the action to the word, so that you will be compelled to admit that he is not only one of the most eloquent but one of the most dramatic and effective of speakers—in short, an orator of the true if not of the highest type. It is not, however, his dramatic action but his eloquence that has lifted him above all living speakers—that opulence of language—that wonderfully flexible diction. Nothing surprises one more than this flexibility of Gladstone's style. So flexible is it, that he can make it fit any subject. Bid him discourse; and whether he has to produce some fine thread of argument, or explain complicated finance, or expose sophistry, or lay bare fallacies, or denounce dishonesty, or thunder against oppression—if he do no more, he will be sure to excite the admiration of all his hearers by the wondrous fitness of his language. He may use too many words, perhaps sometimes he does, but he always uses the right words; and as a glove fits the hand his flexible diction always fits his subject. Of course, there is much more here than mere opulent, flexible eloquence. There is powerful and flexible mind, as well as style; still, without this marvellous eloquence Gladstone could not be the power which he is in the country. But, after all, in this, as in other cases, the mind behind all this is the standard of the man; and here Gladstone, if he does not reign supreme, has but few equals.

GLADSTONE'S CRITICS.

Mr. Gladstone spoke for three hours exactly. He began at 4.40 and left off at 7.40, and all this time he held these five hundred gentlemen spellbound, as if he had not merely the orator's but the mesmeriser's power. There were not wanting, of course, sour critics of this speech of the Chancellor. "Fine speech that," said A. to B. as they hurried out to go to dinner. "Yes; but too long," was the reply. "He might have said quite enough in an hour." And one irritable and irritated gentleman, as he wandered out of the house whilst Gladstone was discoursing about treacle, uttered, with a vulgar expletive, the wish that the Chancellor were up to his neck in treacle. But this was a bitter opponent of the Government—one who has been long an expectant of office, and has learned that one of the chief hindrances to the advent of his party is the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "He might have put all this Budget on a sheet of paper," exclaimed another. In short, amongst a certain class, this was the only fault chargeable upon the speech—it was too long. But was it too long? Not a bit; for it only told the House and the country what they ought to know. Besides, the policy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been, and is still, much criticised; he was therefore bound to defend it, and to show how it had succeeded. The malcontents were, however, but few. The great mass of the members, whether friends or foes, did not think the speech too long; but, on the contrary, when it was over, and they discovered that they had been listening three hours, wondered that the time had passed so quickly away. But now it is over; and now what a rush there is. "Stand back! Stand back!" cry the policemen in the lobby, who from certain signs knew what was coming; and incontinently the doors flew open, and, to the astonishment of the clustering strangers, out there rushed such a torrent of turbulent men that, had it not been for the precautions of the police, some of the said strangers must have been swept away by the stream. "What! is the House up?" was the general exclamation. "No; Mr. Gladstone is down, that's all." And now let us look into the house again; see what a change there is—how completely the spell is broken. Just now 500 members were here, and every part of the house was crammed; now there are only about fifty.

ANOTHER ORATOR.

If one had but the power to see and hear, without taking in the meaning of a speaker, it might be a pleasure to see and listen now and then to Mr. Newdegate. For there are few more accomplished talkers, as far as action and language go, than the hon. member for North Warwickshire. The hon. member has, it is said, made public speaking his study, has taken lessons, reports says, of accomplished masters, and has severely drilled himself by practising all the outward graces of oratory. And we should think that this must be true, for his action is perfect, his language is irrefragable, and now and then—when the honourable member had got off his favourite hobby and addressed himself to some subject far away from Rome, the Pope, Jesuits, monasteries, and convents—we have listened to him with unfeigned pleasure. But, alas! generally, the matter makes intolerable even the graceful and impressive manner and the clear and terse diction of the hon. gentleman. It was so on Friday week, when he brought that question of Mr. Smee and his grievances before the House. Nothing could be more dramatic and graceful than his manner; no language could be more correct and forcible; whilst the art with which he used his flexible and musical voice was really surprising. But, withal, there was such a perversity of reasoning, such shallowness of thought, mind so darkened and twisted by prejudice, and, in short, so utterly awry and confused, that we could not listen.

A TELLING SPEECH.

A very different man is Lord Edward Howard. His Lordship has certainly never studied oratory as an art, nor has he any natural gifts that way. His language at times is scarcely correct, his sentences often very imperfect, and, in short, he speaks at best in a boggling sort of way; but still, in his answer to Mr. Newdegate he not only got the ear of the House, but, in the judgment of all who heard him, he carried away the victory. And why? Because he had a simple tale of truth to tell, and he told it; and at times with so much feeling and pathos that he stirred the House to its depths. There was a touch of nature in his speech, and what that can do Campbell has told us in his well-known line—

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

THE SUM OF 17,000 florins has been subscribed at Vienna by the admirers of Schubert's compositions for the construction of a monument to his memory. The famous composer died at Vienna on Nov. 19, 1828, at the age of thirty-two, so poor that his funeral expenses were defrayed by his relatives.

THE EX-QUEEN OF NAPLES is in a very delicate state of health. An endeavour made by a Papal dignitary to effect a reconciliation with the ex-King was unsuccessful. The ex-King, whose revenue is about £600 a month, still confers Royal decorations on those who pay him court. He has refused an offer of a pension of 2,000,000L. from the Italian Government on condition of his leaving Rome.

SOME SHORT TIME AGO the ship Golden Age sank near San Francisco, laden with gold bars to a great value. It seems that bars to the amount of £50,000 were recovered, with which the owners afterwards decamped. It is supposed that some of these bars have been brought to London, and a reward of £3000 has been offered for the detention and apprehension of the thieves. One of the party has already been arrested.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, APRIL 8.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

KIDNAPPING BRITISH SUBJECTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

In answer to Sir A. Agnew, Mr. LAYARD said that reports had been received from Her Majesty's Consuls at New York, Boston, and Portland to the effect that certain Irishmen had been kidnapped for the Federal service in the United States. It appeared that when they reached the United States they were imprisoned for some time, and were plied with whisky, when they were induced to enlist in the Federal army. Instructions had been sent to Lord Lyons directing him to take steps in reference to this matter, and to protect English subjects in the United States.

ST. MARY'S BURIAL-GROUND, SYDENHAM.

Mr. NEWDEGATE moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the allegations contained in a petition of Mr. Alfred Smee relative to the St. Mary's, Sydenham, Burial-ground. The hon. gentleman referred to the length to the circumstances under which interments had been conducted at the burial-ground in question, and complained that there was no certificate of burial, no register, and no evidence to identify deceased persons but that which appeared on the tombstones, and even that was vitiated by the introduction of religious names. He also called attention to the proceedings of the order of St. Philip Neri, at Brompton, known as the Oratorians, and to the growth of monastic and conventual institutions, which he declared to be dangerous to the peace and security of the country and contrary to the provisions of the Emancipation Act.

Sir G. GREY said Mr. Newdegate, in his opinion, had not assigned sufficient reasons for the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry. The Government had no power to interfere in the matter of the cemetery, except on sanitary grounds. If there had been anything illegal in the proceedings of the community referred to the law was competent to provide a remedy.

Lord E. HOWARD indignantly repudiated the attacks contained in the petition of Mr. Smee on members of his family.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL for IRELAND defended the Oratorians, contending that they had been grossly slandered.

After some observations from Mr. Neate, Sir G. Bowyer, Mr. Long, and Sir P. O'Brien.

The House divided, when the numbers were—For the motion, 80; against, 118; majority, 38.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SONDERBURG.—THE CONFERENCE.

In reply to Mr. Dillwyn and Mr. B. Osborne, Lord PALMERSTON said the policy of the Government had been from the first to prevent war, and, after hostilities had commenced, to restore peace. They had not thrown over the Treaty of 1852; on the contrary, not only the British Government, but every Power that had signed that treaty, equally maintained it, and was bound to uphold the integrity of Denmark. He defended the Government in proposing a conference, which would meet on the 20th of April. The proposition for consulting the wishes of the population of the duchies was not meant as a basis, but was merely a suggestion. In reply to Mr. Dillwyn, he said the Government had not received an official answer to their inquiries; but the invasion of the duchies was in itself an unjust measure, and the proceedings of the German troops had certainly not been in keeping with the practice of modern times.

MONDAY, APRIL 11.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE REGIUS PROFESSORSHIP OF GREEK AT OXFORD.

The LORD CHANCELLOR laid upon the table a bill to provide for the endowment of the Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford. By his bill he proposed that the Lord Chancellor, who had a number of canonries in his gift, should confer the first of these that became vacant upon the Regius Professorship of Greek.

THE DANISH QUESTION.

Lord CAMPBELL called attention to the correspondence in reference to the Dano-German question, and moved "That, in the opinion of this House, if the demand made by Denmark for mediation, according to the principle laid down in the protocol of Paris in 1856, had been more decidedly supported by Her Majesty's Government, the bloodshed and the other evils already occasioned by the war in Denmark might have been prevented, and there would have been less danger than there now is of a more extensive disturbance of the peace of Europe; and that a conference upon the Danish question, in order to lead to a practical result, ought to be accompanied by such steps as might convince the Powers of Europe that Her Majesty's Government adhered to the treaties in which the duchy of Schleswig had been guaranteed to Denmark by Great Britain."

After a long discussion, in which the Duke of Argyll, Earl Grey, Earl Russell, the Earl of Derby, Lord Wodehouse, and Earl Granville took part, the resolutions were withdrawn.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE CONFERENCE.

Mr. HORSMAN asked whether, if it should be a result of the approaching conference that England undertook new engagements with reference to Denmark and the duchies, Her Majesty's Ministers would be prepared to submit such engagements to the consideration of Parliament before advising their ratification by the Crown.

Lord PALMERSTON replied that the negotiation and conclusion of treaties with foreign Powers rested with the Crown, acting on the advice and responsibility of its Ministers, and that if the case contemplated by the querist should arise, Ministers would adhere to the spirit and practice of the Constitution.

THE GOVERNMENT ANNUITIES BILL.

On the order for resuming the adjourned debate on the Government Annuities Bill, Mr. AYRTON went into a critical analysis of the measure, which he condemned as an unnecessary and inquisitorial interference with private enterprise.

The bill was also opposed by Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Hankey, and, after a speech from the Chancellor of the Exchequer in its defence, it was agreed to send the bill to a Select Committee, upon the understanding that its form, and not its principle, should be inquired into.

ARMY ESTIMATES.

The House then went into Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates, and several votes were passed.

TUESDAY, APRIL 12.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Earl of Carnarvon moved an address for a copy of the correspondence relative to George Hall, convicted at the last Warwick Assizes of murder, and subsequently respited by the Crown. He called attention to the case of Wright, Townley, and Jessie McLachlan, and complained of the capricious administration of the Home Office in matters connected with the punishment of death.

The Lord Chancellor entered at some length into a defence of the Secretary of State, and said it was impossible to administer the laws relating to capital punishments differently from the mode that had been adopted, and if their Lordships wanted a change they should direct their attention to the condition of the law upon the subject, with a view of applying a remedy.

The motion was withdrawn.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

GRIEVANCES OF INDIAN OFFICERS.

Captain JERVIS called attention to the grievances of Indian officers, and complained that the promises made to them on the amalgamation of the Indian army with the British Army as to pensions, &c., had not been carried out. He moved a resolution to the effect that it was expedient that the assurance which had been given should be fulfilled.

Sir De Lacy Evans and Colonel Sykes supported the motion. Sir C. WOOD said these officers were entitled to full justice, but he contended that the majority of them had gained more than they had lost by the arrangements which had been made. He was preparing, however, to meet the objections, and in the meantime he urged that the motion should be withdrawn.—Captain Jervis consented to this, and, after a brief discussion, the motion was withdrawn.

REPORTS OF SCHOOL INSPECTORS.

Lord R. CECIL moved a resolution condemning the mutilation of the reports of the inspectors of schools by the Committee of Council. He contended that the Committee deliberately cut out from the reports all observations which told against their views.—Mr. Walter seconded the motion.

Mr. LOWE justified the course which had been pursued by the Department of Education, observing that the "facts" relied upon by the noble Lord for his motion were untrue, and the opinion he had pronounced thereon absurd. After a short debate the House divided, and the motion of Lord R. Cecil was carried against the Government by 101 to 93—being a majority of eight.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

COUNTY FRANCHISE.

Mr. LOCKE KING moved the second reading of the County Franchise Bill. He contended that the object of the bill was not merely to increase the number of electors. The principle of the bill was, that interest must be held primarily in view in any redistribution of the electoral power. It was a simple measure of justice, and, though fragmentary in character, would be a step towards the obtaining of that reform to carry which the Government had been placed in power.

Mr. A. SMITH moved the previous question. He contended that the bill would break into the great principle that every great interest in the country should have its representative.

Mr. KNIGHTLEY also opposed the bill as being unjust to the rural districts and destructive to the political influence of the county constituencies.

Viscount ENFIELD should vote for the second reading, with a view of proposing in Committee that the franchise be fixed at £20.

A long discussion followed, in which Lord R. Montagu, Lord Henley, Mr. Newdegate, Mr. Warner, Mr. Bentinck, Mr. Neate, Mr. Treherne, Mr. Pease, Sir J. Walsh, Mr. Collins, and Mr. Hibbert took part.

Lord PALMERSTON said he should vote for the second reading of the bill, but he should not vote for the £10 franchise. He thought it would be most injurious to introduce any change which should disturb the balance in the representation of the county and town interests. He thought, indeed, that Mr. Locke King would have acted wisely in not pressing the motion to a division. It was plain that neither in the House nor out of it was there the same desire for organic change which at one time existed. Those changes had been rather desired as a means of effecting alterations in our internal and commercial systems. But many of the desired improvements had been made by the Legislature as it stood, and therefore there was less desire for change. Then, again, the events which had occurred in other countries had rendered the people here less desirous of changes which might lead to a state of things to which they were disposed to attribute much of what had occurred abroad. He stated these things to show that in Committee he should be free to consider what amount of franchise it would be desirable to introduce. The House then divided, when there were—For the bill, 227; against it, 254. It was therefore lost.

TRESPASS (IRELAND) BILL.

The order of the day for going into Committee on the Tresspass (Ireland) Bill was opposed by Mr. BAGWELL, who moved as an amendment that the bill be committed on that day six months. Upon a division, the amendment was negatived by 158 to 45. The House then went into Committee pro forma, and immediately resumed.

REGISTRATION OF VOTERS (IRELAND) BILL.

The Registration of County Voters (Ireland) Bill passed through Committee.

THURSDAY, APRIL 14.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Several bills were advanced a stage, but the business before their Lordships was not of special interest.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A variety of questions were asked and answered, but not on subjects of general interest.

THE MALT DUTY.

On the order of the day for Ways and Means, Colonel BARTELOT rose to move, as an amendment, that the malt duty should be reduced out of the existing surplus.

Mr. COBBETT seconded the motion. Mr. Surtees, Mr. Peel (Tamworth), Mr. B. Stanhope, Sir E. Dering, and Mr. Beach spoke in favour of the bill.

Mr. ALCOCK thought the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be acting wisely by adding twopence to the present income tax, so as to make it ninepence, instead of reducing it a penny, as he proposed. With that addition and the surplus which he had in hand he could then remove the malt duty altogether.

Lord R. MONTAGU admitted the advantage of giving the working man good beer, but the proposed reduction would only diminish its price one farthing per gallon, which would be no benefit to him. He thought that the abolition of the war duties upon sugar would confer a greater boon upon the working man and his family than the removal of the malt duty.

A lengthened discussion ensued, in the course of which

Mr. COBBETT expressed his regret that the gallant member had raised the question in opposition to the sugar duties. He (Mr. C.) was favourable to the abolition of the malt duty, but certainly not when it was brought against those duties with which it had nothing to do, and which had claims of the strongest character upon the Government and that House. Under the circumstances he was placed in the disagreeable position of being compelled to vote against a motion which he approved of in the abstract because of the unfortunate manner in which it was brought forward.

Mr. M. GIBSON opposed the motion, and said that if the Government were to give the relief asked for it would only benefit the consumers to an infinitesimal extent, while the loss to the revenue would be £1,880,000. He thought that the relief would be purchased too dear at such a sacrifice.

Mr. BASS opposed the motion as inopportune.

Mr. BENTINCK supported it.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER felt sure that the House would not sanction the proposition to relieve malt at the expense of sugar.

Mr. DISRAELI thought that the present time was not propitious, for if the Government were to remit only a fourth of the malt duty it would absorb that portion of the surplus set aside for the reduction of the sugar duties and the income tax. Consequently, he must oppose the motion for the repeal of the malt duty.

Upon a division, Colonel Bartelot's motion was defeated by a majority of 347 to 99.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864.

A MODEL PARISH.

BETHNAL-GREEN appears to be destined to achieve an unenviable notoriety. It is seldom that a week elapses without some record in the journals in reference to the parochial officials of that peculiar district. The names of the chiefs among them are almost as well known as those of the leading statesmen of the nation. "Another death from starvation in Bethnal-green" is a heading which prudent compositors of daily journals would do well to keep constantly set up in type. The locality itself is peculiar. It is not a nest of thieves and ruffians, like other places which might be designated; it is not ruinous, it is not antique. It is simply an agglomeration of the most equal, desperate poverty. Here and there stands a cowshed, a dust-yard, or a chandler's shop. The streets are sadly, horribly silent. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer observed in his last great speech that it was possible to pass through certain East-end districts without seeing a cab or an omnibus, or hearing any street music, the description applied with special truthfulness to Bethnal-green.

The state of this miserable locality was some months since brought vividly before the public by Dr. Moore, medical officer of the parish, in the course of certain evidence delivered by him at an inquest upon the deaths of a family poisoned by local influences. From that time Dr. Moore became the object of proceedings which, had they not proved ultimately successful, would certainly have borne the aspect of revengeful persecution. However, after many vicissitudes in the unequal conflict between a medical gentleman and a whole board of parochial guardians, the Doctor was found, by the impartial tribunal of the Poor-law Board, to have been caught tripping; and his dismissal was directed. After such a victory as this the officials might have anticipated that their future career would be smooth enough.

But the inquiries instituted by the Poor-law Board did not terminate with this dismissal. There was once a poor woman named Sarah Ann Dove, wife of a labourer earning precariously sixteen shillings per week, out of which sum he had to support five children. The wife fell ill and applied to Dr. Moore, then in office, and he, finding her languishing for want of sufficient nourishment, tormented by an inflammatory disease, and reduced to a single sheet and counterpane for her only covering, gave her an order for admission to the parish infirmary, and upon this order specially certified her case as urgent. That order was presented to a Mr. Christey, who fills at Bethnal-green a position entitled that of a relieving officer. His office, however, appears rather to have been to discourage

applications for parochial relief. Mr. Christey offered to receive the applicant into the infirmary upon condition that the whole family would enter the workhouse. The husband was then in work; so that, at first sight, Christey's conduct would appear almost incomprehensible, if it had really been desirable to save a charge upon the poor rates. But Christey knew what he was about. The man, who could just contrive to support the wretched existence of himself and family, refused to enter the workhouse; consequently his wife was denied admission to the infirmary, and, in her miserable home, destitute of every comfort, of medicine, even of wholesome air, she perished—one among thousands of victims of the inhumanity of our poor laws and the obstinacy of their administration. Christey's defence was highly characteristic. He had been too much engaged in getting up evidence for the guardians against Dr. Moore to attend to his duties; otherwise the life of Sarah Dove might have been saved.

Another case has more recently been made public. A poor old woman of sixty-two had obtained an order for relief from Dr. Moore, while that gentleman was still in office but in disfavour with the guardians. She was taken in a cab to the workhouse, where the porter said it would be upon his peril to admit her upon such an order. The poor creature was shivering with cold, the rain was falling, she was weak and could not stand, but was refused even a seat. The "relieving officer" Christey was applied to, and he said that he would give no outdoor relief, and, according to his manner, required both herself and her husband to "come into the house" as a condition precedent upon parochial aid. This woman also died.

Upon the case of Sarah Dove, the instant resignation of Christey has been demanded by the Poor-law Board. But it appears that this miserable man has been booed and mobbed in the streets, "on account of alleged deaths from starvation" in his district. This occurrence has so operated upon his sensitive mind that he is seriously ill. The Bethnal-green Board, therefore, postponed action in the matter for a fortnight.

But what are coroners' juries about, if, in clear cases of deaths occurring as consequences of neglect by parochial officers, they do not boldly return verdicts of manslaughter? The reason is no doubt this. They know, as everyone ought to know, that such fatalities are the inevitable results of a law which trains such men as Christey and his class. It is not the individual who is to blame, any more than a bailiff ought to be punished for not being a gentleman. Until the cruel absurdity of forcing the greatest burdens, in the shape of poor's rates, upon the shoulders of the poorest parishes be thoroughly exploded; until equal distribution among, at least, all the metropolitan parishioners shall take the place of the present unjust, cruel, and utterly indefensible system, such parishes as Bethnal-green, and such officers as Christey, must continue to be a shame and a scandal to our age and our legislation.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN held her first Court since the lamented death of her husband on Saturday last at Buckingham Palace. The members of the Corps Diplomatique, with their ladies, were invited, and paid their respects to her Majesty. The Queen was attended by Earl Russell, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and by several members of the Royal household.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has dissolved the Dalmatian Diet, on account of party intrigues and attacks on the Government.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD, during a late visit to Brussels, held a confirmation and laid the foundation-stone of an Anglican church.

THE VACANT GARTER will, it is believed, be bestowed upon his Grace the Duke of Sutherland.

LORD ELLESMERE has thrown open the library and gallery of Bridgewater House to the public.

THE LATE ADMIRAL HARCOURT has left a number of charitable bequests, amounting to £36,000.

MR. ROBSON, the comedian, who has recently been playing at the Edinburgh Theatre, is now lying dangerously ill in that city.

THE EMPRESS OF MEXICO has just turned author, and issued privately "Souvenirs de Voyage à Bord de la Fantasia," and "Un Hiver dans l'île de Madère."

THE SHAKESPEARE COMMITTEE FORMED IN PARIS, in connection with the central body in London, has found good support in all quarters.

THE PERSONALTY OF THE LATE SIR WILLIAM ATHERTON, Q.C., M.P., has been sworn under £50,000.

THE MARRIAGE of Viscount Powerscourt and Lady Julia Coke, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Leicester, was celebrated on Thursday last.

A FEW DAYS AGO the wife of a farmer residing at Betton, Gloucestershire, found £90 in notes in a secret drawer of a bureau that had been bought at a sale.

A MISER, NAMED EDWARDS, died a few days ago in London of starvation, whilst in possession of at least £57 in gold.

M. GUIZOT has just been delivering a speech of some interest at the annual meeting of the Protestant Bible Society of Paris. He entered into a vindication of the inspiration of the Scriptures against recent writers.

MADRID JOURNALS assert that a number of Mazzinians have left Italy to incite revolutions in Spain and Portugal, and that their rendezvous is Gibraltar.

NEARLY NINETY THOUSAND BALES OF COTTON have arrived in Liverpool in two days this week from India and China.

A MARRIAGE is arranged, and will shortly take place, between Captain A. Ellice, of the Grenadier Guards, and the Hon. Nina Lambouchere, daughter of Lord and Lady Taunton.

THE LETTERS of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON I., during the latter years of his life, are said to be disfigured by coarse personalities. It is this which has for a time led to the interruption of the work of publication, and it is now doubtful if it will be resumed.

SIX MEN were at work on the side of a slip in the Queen's Graving Docks, Liverpool, on Saturday, when the ropes sustaining their scaffolding gave way, and they were precipitated to the bottom of the dock and severely injured.

THE APPEAL COMMITTEE of the HOUSE OF LORDS has ordered Major Yelverton to pay Mrs. (Theresa) Yelverton £150, to enable her to defend her interest in the appeal against the decision of the Court of Session, declaring her to be the appellant's lawful wife.

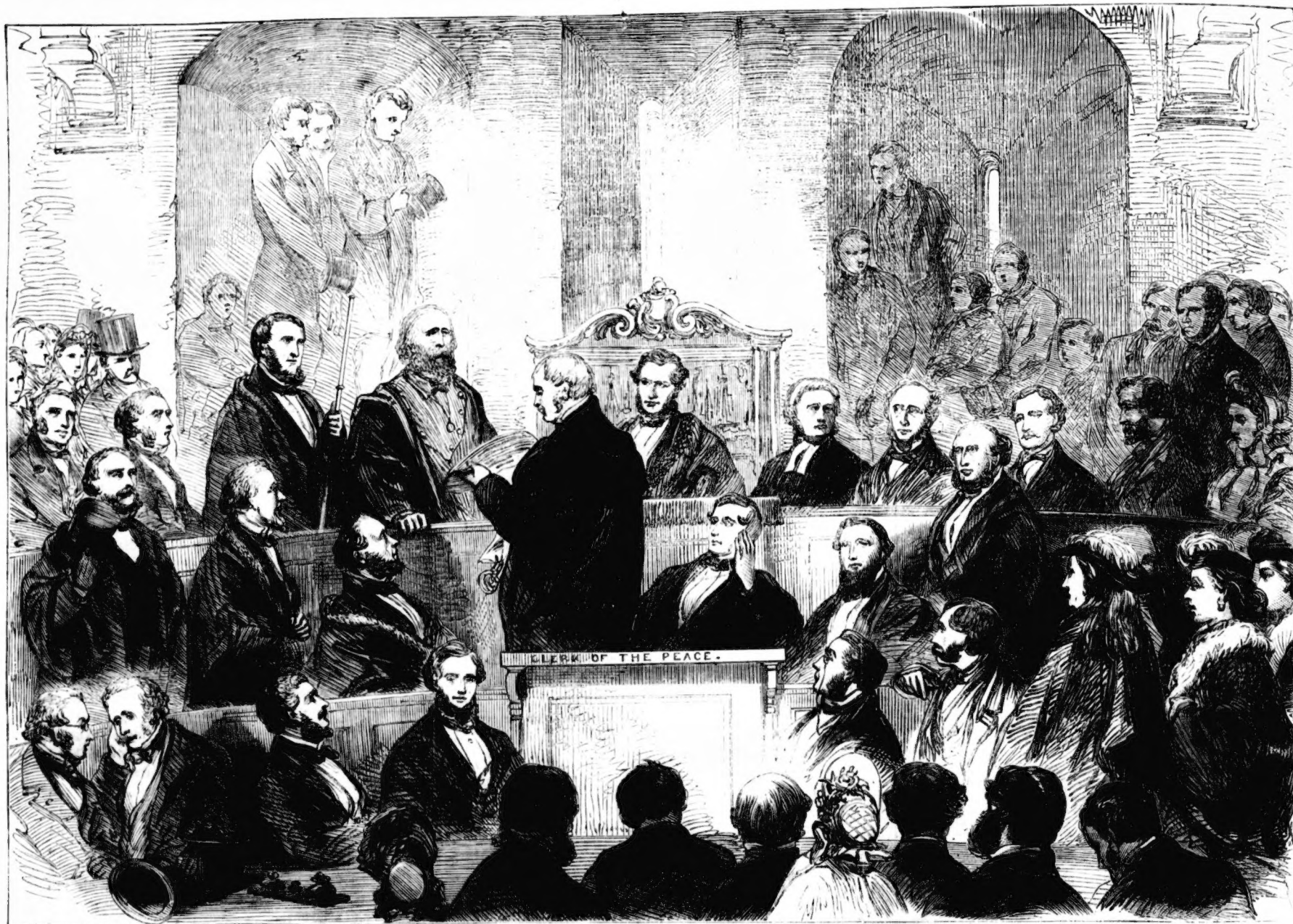
THE SULTAN was recently hunting in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, and, having become separated from his suite, was surrounded by the "faithful" albeit brigands, and robbed of his gun, watch, purse, and rings.

THE BODY OF A MAN, named John Cooper, was found on the roadside near Rotherham, on Sunday morning, with the skull fractured, and indications which left no doubt that he had been murdered.

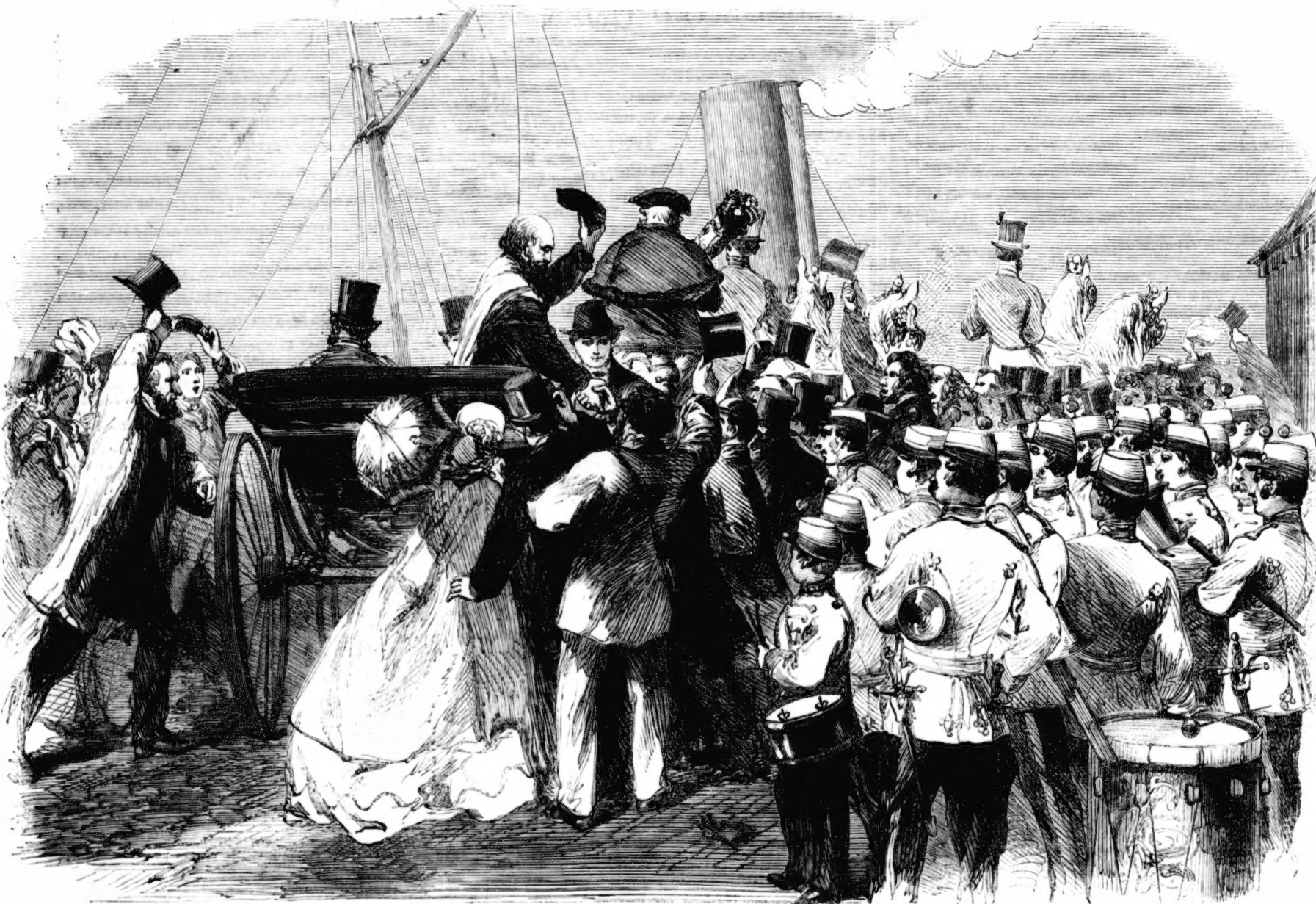
A SPLENDID HUNGARIAN COSTUME, intended for the Empress of the French, has been forwarded to Paris by the French Embassy at Vienna. It consists of a violet velvet dress richly embroidered with silver, a dolman with large silver buttons, and a small Hungarian hat.

LORD PALMERSTON has offered the place vacated by Mr. Stanfeld to Mr. Baxter, M.P. for Montrose. Mr. Baxter has not been able to accept it owing to the pressure of private business and the state of his health. There are rumours that Mr. Fenwick, M.P. for Sunderland, has been offered the appointment, but we have no confirmation of them.

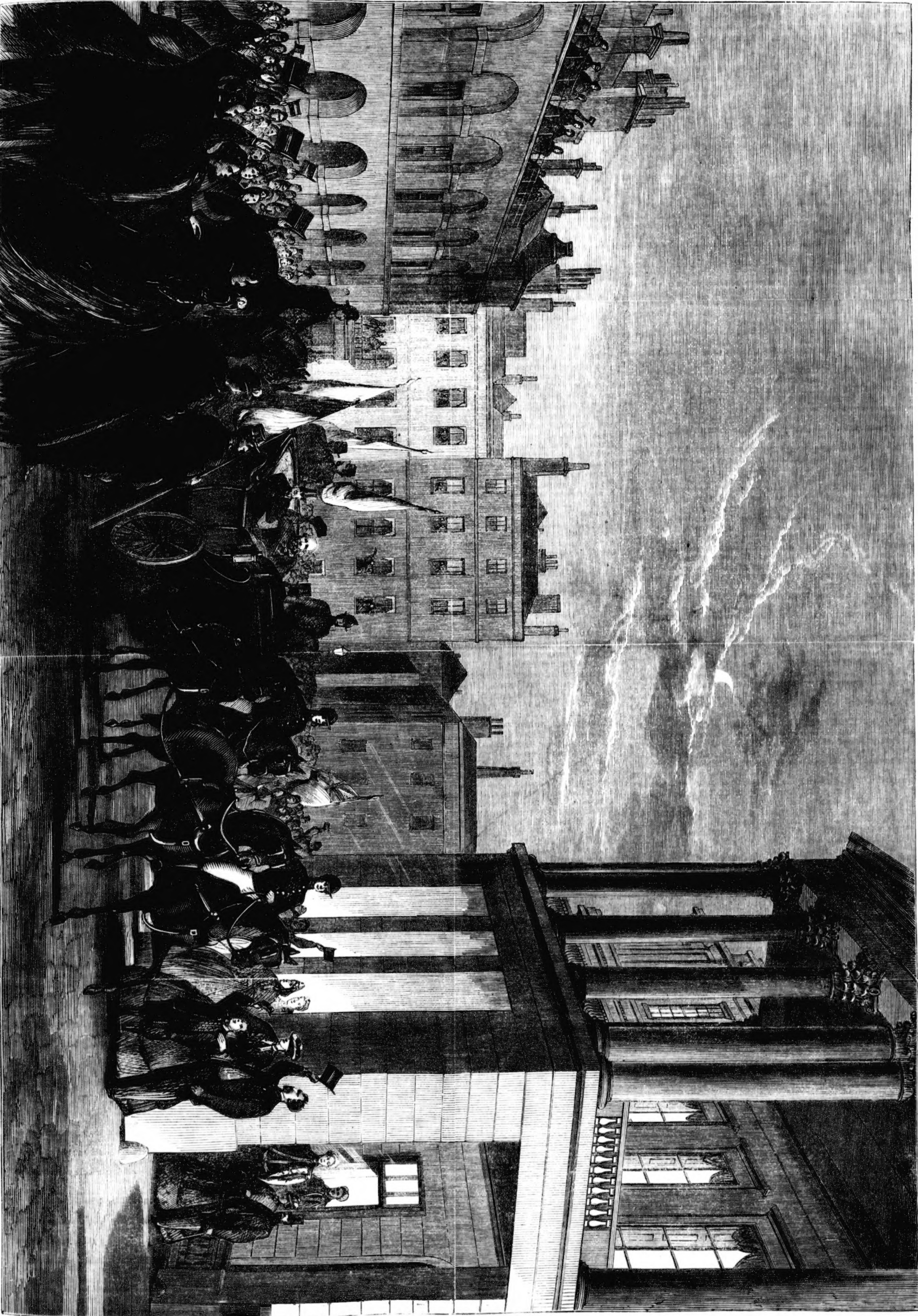
SOME WONDERFUL SCENIC EFFECTS are now produced in Paris by means of the electric light. Lightning is imitated by reflecting the electric flashes from the carbon poles of a battery across the stage. Rainbow effects are produced by projecting the strong light through a prism on to the desired scene, where the true colours are seen as in the spectrum.



READING THE ADDRESS OF THE CORPORATION TO GENERAL GARIBALDI IN THE TOWNHALL, SOUTHAMPTON.—SEE PAGE 253.



ARRIVAL OF GENERAL GARIBALDI ON THE PIER AT SOUTHAMPTON, ON HIS WAY TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—SEE PAGE 253.



GARIBOLDI IN LONDON: ARRIVAL OF THE GENERAL AT STAFFORD HOUSE.—SEE PAGE 241.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

It is positively asserted by those who ought, or who say that they ought, to know, that Disraeli has really resigned the leadership of the Conservative party, and that General Peel has taken the office; and you will have noticed that the *Times* gives currency to the rumour as if it were an unquestioned fact. Further, and this is still more wonderful, the political quidnuncs will have it that the reason why Disraeli resigns is this:—He has positively refused to attempt to overthrow the Government; and, again, that the gallant General has agreed to go in and win, if he can. But, on the other hand, it is asserted by those who do know the truth, that this rumour is entirely false. Whether these gentlemen speak the truth or not, I cannot say; but I am quite sure that they know it. I am induced to think that the rumour is a mere wind bubble blown up by gossip out of very slight evidence. True, Disraeli went home the other night early; albeit, he knew that Bernal Osborne would ask an important question about the coming conference, and that General Peel rose and took part in the discussion that ensued. But if this be all the evidence of a change of leadership—and, as far as I know, it is all—it seems to me to be utterly insufficient. A gentleman who holds a very high position in the Conservative ranks—was, indeed, a Cabinet Minister in the late Government—when asked whether the rumour was true, replied, "Certainly not. It is a ridiculous piece of gossip." Which is right, then, and which is wrong, judge ye. I should bet long odds that Disraeli has not resigned, and has no intention of resigning at present, and that, if he should resign at some future day, General Peel will not be his successor. The gallant General is sixty-four years old, and would, all consideration of qualification apart, be slow to take upon his shoulders the arduous duty of leading a great party.

Has Mr. Lowe resigned office? Rumour says that he has, but I can get no confirmation of the report. By the Conservatives it is held that he cannot, after the severe rebuke which he got on Tuesday, keep his post. But, if he should resign, I suspect that it will not be the rebuke that will drive him from office. He entertains a suspicion, I learn, that he has not been honestly supported by the whip of the Government. Something like a feeling that he has been betrayed rankles in his breast, and to an angry man the fact that only ninety-three members went with him into the lobby may well appear surprising. The defence is that the division came off much sooner than was expected; but the reply to this is that a zealous whip would have guarded against a surprise either by keeping his men together or by setting some one up to talk against time until the absentees could be recalled. No doubt the blow is a very severe one. Mr. Lowe has, in fact, been impeached for "mutilating" (this is the offensive expression) reports, and pronounced guilty. If he has not already retired from the Government, I think he will. Lord Robert Cecil is in ecstasies. He hardly hoped that his shot would prove so successful.

If the Saturday reviewer who so coarsely lectured the Queen a week or two ago not hardened in iniquity this anecdote might shame him: just before Parliament assembled it was represented to her Majesty that her subjects would be delighted if she could so far conquer her feelings as to be able to open Parliament in person. Her Majesty took a little time to consider, and then made a reply something like this—"Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to gratify my subjects in this way, but I feel that I cannot do it. I could not go through ceremony; I should inevitably break down." Of course, after this nothing more was said upon the subject. Nor is it wonderful that her Majesty should still seek retirement to any one who is blessed with that delicate piece of human organism, a heart, and has had that heart wrenched by an agonising sorrow like that which her Majesty has been called by an inscrutable Providence to suffer. Nor is it true, I am told, that the trade of the West-end shopkeepers will suffer by the absence of her Majesty from the levees and drawingrooms of the coming season. The Prince and Princess will do the honours; and there will be all the usual splendour, and, of course, all the usual expense.

When Garibaldi was taking luncheon with Sir Michael Seymour and other swells at Portsmouth he suddenly announced that he must go to Southsea. "Go to Southsea, General! what for?" one of his friends asked, with surprise. "I must go and find out the widow of my friend Mr. Thomas White." "It will be difficult to discover her, and time presses." "True; but I mean to go." And the General went, and found the widow. Mr. Thomas White was a shipbuilder, son of the notable shipbuilder at Cowes; and some fifteen years ago Garibaldi, before he became the famous hero he now is, visited Mr. Thomas White, and stopped at his house for a month, and Garibaldi remembers his friends quite as vividly, and more so, than he remembers his enemies. Mr. Thomas White, who was killed by a fall at Lisbon, where he was laying down a patent slip, somewhat more than a year ago, used to talk of Garibaldi with the utmost reverence and affection, and used to love to dwell upon the simplicity of his manners, his fondness of children, and the deep love of his great heart. Mr. Thomas White was the father of Jessie White, now Mme. Mario.

Povero Garibaldi! On Monday last he indeed paid the penalty of patriotism. What was the Austrian fire to English friendship? What an enemy's artillery to the British hand-grasp? Imagine shaking hands from the Isle of Wight to Stafford House! Imagine the crowds of Smiths, Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons—admirable persons in their way, but not representative men, not public characters—who rushed at the Italian hero and used his arm as if it were a parish pump-handle. By-the-way, some of the folks who took upon themselves to welcome our high-minded guest I never before heard of; but the world knows little of its greatest benefactors, and I dare say they were "the most remarkable men in the country," as the Americans told Martin Chuzzlewit of every second person that he met. The General is a man of the simplest habits, and has a horror of being made a show. Fancy this soldier-sailor dining between two ardent and conscientious pressmen, each taking mental notes of everything he said and swallowed. One doing him from his top waistcoat-button upward, and the other from his top waistcoat-button downward, as the aforesaid Martin was served when he "received." A real case of Bozzy and Pozzy and the Doctor. What a difference between the address of the working men's committee—inflated, blatant, tawdry, and sham-sublime—and Garibaldi's brief, graceful, unassuming answer! What must he have thought of the teetotal societies, and the Odd Fellows, and the Foresters, and the Ancient Druids, and the Ancient Shepherds, with their wonderful get-up, and their banners so gay?

But the photographers. Oh! the photographers. What he must suffer at their importunities! There is something charming in his desire to accede to the requests of the legion of collodion-compellers who assailed him. "Can't they all do it at once?" he asked. Certainly he will be able to describe the English to those he honours with his intimacy at Caprera as a race "brave, hospitable, and photographic."

Before this comes into print a score of ready pens will have described the Garibaldi reception and procession. I attended it for the purpose of seeing the people as well as the hero, and specially of picking up any waifs and strays of fun. The working men's procession, except in point of numbers, seemed to me anything but imposing. The miserable, tawdry trumpery of paper rosettes and feathers, in connection with thousands of the most commonplace physiques I ever beheld, was something supremely ridiculous. One honest Briton's criticism upon his mates' personal appearance struck me as superlatively concise and truthful. Said he, "We should all look better if we was cleaned." Along the line of route in Lambeth were large placards, which ran thus—"Welcome Garibaldi, thou friend of freedom! Seats to let." This was a happy combination of enthusiastic with pecuniary aspirations. What struck me most was that the working men appeared rather more anxious for the exhibition of themselves and their wretched banners than of the hero, whom they left a mile behind, while they strutted along rejoicing. When at last Garibaldi appeared, and the crowd was shouting almost in a delirium of excitement, an ungrammatical artisan put in his claim for a share of the applause. "Yar, yer wouldn't ha' seed him at all if it hadn't been for us!" "How so?"

inquired a bystander. "Why, he was a settin' down in his caridge; so I sings out, 'Stand up, Jarribawldi!'—And I'm blowed if he didn't do it!" The moral aspect of the crowd was, however, almost beyond all praise. I encountered no ruffianism, heard little foul language, and only saw one man drunk, and he was marching at the head of a party of teetotalers. Perhaps the best joke of the occasion survives to this day. Some agile Garibaldians climbed to the statue at Charing-cross. On Tuesday long paper streamers, of the colours adopted by United Italy, might be seen fluttering in the wind from the hand of the unfortunate representative of unconstitutional monarchy.

Mr. Pinches, the well-known medallist, has produced a small clever medal in bronze of the great hero of the day—the world-renowned Garibaldi.

Last week I noticed the silly things they put in playbills. I see Mr. Fechter, whose indisposition I regret, announces that on his recovery he will sustain his celebrated character of Hamlet. His celebrated character! Why, Hamlet was played two centuries before he was born, and will be played ten centuries after he shall have "shuffled off this mortal coil." It is William Shakespeare's character, not Mr. Fechter's. Actors, however celebrated, should remember that some slight credit is due to the author. Mr. Sothern, for instance, may properly call Lord Dundreary his celebrated character, for he discovered it, invented it, and wrote it. It is all his own thunder. But Hamlet. *Blue Stomach!* as the French used to say. What next?

Several men I know have just returned from Paris, where they have been doing Easter. They tell me there is not much news in the gay city that Napoleon III. is building. Their only intelligence was that the ladies are wearing for evening costume—what do you think? As Mme. de Sevigne said, "Will you guess it in once? will you guess it in twice? in three times? fifteen? ninety-nine?" The ladies are wearing *tail coats*! Tail coats in silk and satin! What next? Perhaps they will take to— But, no! the mere suspicion is too horrible. Let us change the subject.

"Revenons à nos pantelons," I mean to my friends who have just returned. They tell me of a Monsieur Segny who has opened an establishment in the Rue de la Faix for the purpose of teaching ladies how to *enamel themselves*. In a scented circular, M. Segny announces that he "comes to open, on the first floor, in the which he teaches officially to timid persons the art of to embellish themselves." There is an excellent brochure on this subject in the last number of *La Vie Parisienne*. A lady, who holds the idea of enamel in indignant horror, mounts to this dangerous first floor. "If Madame will seat herself in this armchair," says one of the *enamelles*—for the operators, as well as the operatees, are all of what Mr. Weller senior calls the "soft sex"—"I will explain to her how the various pomades."—"I came here solely from curiosity, Mademoiselle," explains the lady; "and have no intention of—." "I do not misunderstand the intentions of Madame; and it is only for the purpose of satisfying Madame's curiosity that I propose to explain to her the use of the blanc nymphae, which renders the skin silky, preserves it from the effect of the atmosphere, and is wholesome to a degree. If Madame will have the complaisance to take off her bonnet." "I presume that you have soap and water here that I may remove the marks of your experiment?" says the lady. "Will Madame for one instant close her eyes?" The paintress is at work with a perfumed palette, and in a quarter of an hour Madame smiles in a mirror at a visage that returns her smile, but it is not her face that is reflected, but that of a very young lady with her features, certainly, but with a complexion like a baby's—half flesh half fruit.

Mr. Hain Friswell's entertaining and handsome volume on "The Portraits of Shakespeare" has achieved a second edition, which said edition boasts of the addition of a facsimile in photography of the several pages of the poet's will.

THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Another new farce, by the indefatigable Messrs. Brough and Halliday, was brought out at Drury Lane on Monday. It bears the title of "An April Fool," and its incidents hinge on the exploded custom of "selling" everybody who will permit it on the first day of the month of April. The story is of an old gentleman with a large and beautiful garden à la Versailles, and a small and pretty daughter à la Vestris. The young lady has two admirers, one selfish, egotistic, and vain, the other self-sacrificing, devoted, and humble. The egotist persuades the fair and fascinating one to pretend to return the passion of his rival. The fair and fascinating one consents, and the poor victim is dragged through every variety of physical and mental torment. He is laughed at, buffeted, and pierced with arrows by a bevy of beautiful toxophiles; but his triumph comes at last. When the lady has to declare her choice, she gives her hand, not to the egotistic gentleman who has so enjoyed his rival's mishaps, but to the patient, loving fellow who has borne all with so much good humour. Thus, as it always happens on the stage, and, unfortunately, seldom anywhere else, virtue finds its reward. The true gentleman gets the girl of his heart, and the self-sufficient cynic is made an April Fool. The farce is very well acted.

Miss Herbert has returned to the St. James's. She appears nightly in a comedy-farce called "A Day After the Wedding," an old-fashioned and, to my mind, an unamusing piece, played originally by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kemble. Tastes change in half a century, and I wish "A Day After the Wedding" were fairly laid upon the shelf, and that Miss Herbert had a better, fresher part in a more modern piece.

If any persons hold the opinions that in this world there is no such thing as charity, or that the London public is indifferent to good acting, their faith would have been shaken had they seen DRURY LANE THEATRE on Wednesday at two o'clock p.m., when a morning performance took place for the benefit of the Royal Dramatic College Fund. The piece fixed on was the "School for Scandal," with this really powerful cast:—Sir Peter Teazle, Mr. Phelps; Sir Oliver Surface, Mr. Addison; Charles Surface, Mr. C. Mathews; Joseph Surface, Mr. Creswick; Crabtree, Mr. Compton; Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr. Buckstone; Rowley, Mr. Frank Matthews; Snake, Mr. Benjamin Webster; Careless, Mr. Walter Montgomery; Sir Harry, Mr. Sims Reeves; Trip, Mr. Horace Wigan; Moses, Mr. J. L. Toole; Lady Teazle, Mrs. Charles Mathews; Lady Sneerwell, Mrs. Billington; Mrs. Candour, Mrs. Sterling; Maria, Miss Henrietta Sims. It would be superfluous to say that the comedy has not been so acted for many years. The house was crowded, and the old playgoers seemed charmed to see something "like old times" behind the footlights. All went off admirably; in fact, there was but one hitch, and that hitch was Mr. Sims Reeves. That gifted gentleman had very kindly offered to play the small part of Sir Harry and to sing the original song—poor Sheridan's five-bottle health of the ladies. Unfortunately Mr. Sims Reeves was seized with a sudden and severe indisposition, and could not appear. This the audience took in dudgeon; even the copy of the medical certificate did not appease them, and Mr. Phillips, who made the apology was, as Mr. Arthur Sketchley's Mrs. Brown says, "smiled at derisive." However, in the absence of the great tenor, Mr. Paul Bedford, a great basso profundo, sang the anacronistic in a manner that left nothing to be desired, except that he should sing it again. Let me conclude my notice in the proper conventional manner by saying that every one departed highly delighted with a rational and well-spent morning's amusement.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF STOLEN PROPERTY.—Early on Tuesday morning one of her Majesty's keepers was making his customary inspection of the Royal deer in Windsor Great Park, and on passing the deer pen by Bear's Rills observed his dog remain some distance behind him, and leave the place reluctantly. The keeper returned to the spot and found the dog had scratched a large hole in the earth. The dog continued tearing up the earth, until at last he came to a handkerchief, which contained a large number of valuable gold and silver watches, also a quantity of gold and silver chains. The property had evidently been stolen, and placed there during the night, as many of the watches were still going with the right time of the morning indicated. It is expected that these articles may prove to be a portion of the plunder from a house at Henley-on-Thames, which had been broken into and robbed the night previous.

OUR FEUILLETON.

GABRIELLE DE VIREMONT.

THE other day we came across an old book which contained three hundred and eighty-one pages, and only one ingenious observation. The observation was to this effect, that there is a marked analogy between the recruiting systems and the marriage systems of England and France. In France the recruiting is determined by law, and the wishes of the individual are not in any way taken into account. In England, the country of liberty, such infamous tyranny is not permitted; those who think fit may enlist, but no compulsion is to be used. At the same time all kinds of persuasion and even mystification may be employed, and the recruiting sergeant has full permission to intoxicate his intended victim before causing him to accept the all-important shilling.

In the same way parents arrange the marriages of their children in France, and the children themselves have not a word to say in the matter: the great matrimonial army—the army of martyrs, in fact, is recruited by authority. In England, on the other hand, marriage is a free institution. The temple of Hymen is open to all; but no one must be forced to enter. Nevertheless, as all the admissions are made out for two persons, the mother of an aspiring virgin who is only waiting for a male companion to accompany her to the sacred fane is at liberty to resort to all kinds of stratagems in order to lure to his fate the hapless victim whom she has selected for her dark designs. Compliments, croquet, champagne, waiting, tears, embroidered braces—all means are justifiable; and thus it often happens that, in spite of a verbal consent extorted in a moment of weakness, your freeborn Englishman finds himself married against his will. He wakes up from his amorous intoxication with a splitting headache, and is shocked to find himself a husband, duly married, registered, and packed off by express-train to spend his honeymoon just as the recruits are sent down to the dépôt to be drilled.

However, in spite of the author of the book with three hundred and eighty-one pages, and only one ingenious observation, we confess we prefer the English system, both of recruiting and of marrying. The man with a strong head fears neither drink nor sergeants; nor need the possessor of a heart of average masculine hardness stand in dread of the most designing mother who ever told a young man what a nice girl her uncommonly plain daughter was. There is one effect, too, of the French system which has never been sufficiently noticed. The mere fact of forcing a high-spirited girl to marry a man for whom she has no sort of inclination is calculated to make her dislike him even in the face of all sorts of good qualities that he may possess. The following sad story illustrates this truth in a remarkable manner, though it by no means inculcates the propriety of a young lady marrying merely according to her own caprice. But let the tale speak for itself:—

M. de Grandlieu and M. de Viremont were old Vendean chieftains. They had served together in the King's armies when there was a king in France, and they had served against the national armies when France was converted into a republic. Then they had lived abroad, and were some time separated; but when the old nobility returned to France the two comrades entered their châteaux almost at the same time, and soon afterwards it occurred to both of them that the period had now arrived for carrying out a project which they had long since conceived, and about which they had frequently corresponded during their exile.

M. de Viremont had a beautiful daughter, and M. de Grandlieu a handsome son. What more natural than that one should marry the other? Two of the noblest families in La Vendée would thus be allied, to the honour of each, and the friendship of the fathers would be perpetuated in the union of their children. M. de Viremont had scarcely spoken of this project to his daughter (for in such matters the authority of the parent over the child is in France quite absolute) when M. de Grandlieu died. On his deathbed he gave Gabrielle his blessing, and called her his daughter, a trifle which the young girl was at first disposed to interpret in a figurative sense. But her father soon removed all doubts from her mind on this point, and informed her the day after M. de Grandlieu's funeral that her hand had long been promised to Gustave, the only son of his late friend.

Gustave de Grandlieu was in Paris when his father died, and he arrived in La Vendée barely in time to be present at the funeral. Some days afterwards he paid a visit to Monsieur and Mademoiselle de Viremont, and Gabrielle then saw him for the first time. He was a young man of cold, dignified, and refined manners, decidedly handsome, but not particularly calculated for inspiring with love a young girl who had hitherto thought of no affection but that which she bore to her father, and which almost amounted to adoration.

Gustave had been six weeks in La Vendée, living in the château which now belonged to him, and which was distant only a few miles from that of M. de Viremont. Not a day had passed without his visiting his betrothed, and Gabrielle, it must be confessed, had already felt to some extent the influence of his polished manners and his enlightened conversation. Still this was the man she was doomed to marry, for she had not chosen him, nor he her; though, in the absence of any preconcerted arrangement between the parents, it is almost certain that the young persons would, in the natural course of events, have become attached to one another. The knowledge that, willing or unwilling, she was destined to become the bride of Gustave de Grandlieu would have filled her with repugnance for him had there been anything in the least degree offensive about his person or disposition. As it was, she had a positive objection to accept him as her husband, though she had already had several opportunities of observing that on his side he had conceived no ordinary affection for her. On one occasion she was riding with him along the banks of the river Sevre, when the earth slipped beneath her horse's feet. The animal stumbled, and then, recovering itself, reared and plunged in so violent a manner that there appeared to be every probability of Gabrielle being thrown into the stream. In an instant Gustave had leaped from his horse, and he had just time to receive the fainting girl in his arms. A moment later, and even if she had escaped the river, she would, at all events, have been dashed violently to the ground.

Gabrielle was not hurt, but on looking at her preserver she saw that he was pale, breathless, and full of agitation.

"And what should you have done if I had really been killed?" asked the young girl, with a smile.

"I should have followed you," he replied, coldly.

Gabrielle became pensive, but at last she thought no more of the adventure, or, if she did, merely laughed when she remembered how the energy and activity of M. de Grandlieu contrasted with his ordinarily calm demeanour.

Soon after the inhabitants of the château de Viremont—that is to say, Gabrielle and her father—were startled by an unexpected apparition—that of a cousin named Duvivier, a young man of whom Mlle. de Viremont had frequently heard and from whom she had received letters, but whom she had not seen since her childhood.

Charles Duvivier was young, handsome, agreeable, by no means reserved, and without any of that coldness which sometimes rendered the manners of M. de Grandlieu almost forbidding. On the other hand, it is just to add that he had neither the refinement nor the elegance of his aristocratic rival, for in that light he soon learned to regard him.

Duvivier was "destined" for commerce—"high commerce"—*le haut commerce*, as he called it. In other words, he was to buy and sell, but was not to keep a shop. Beautiful distinction, which it was reserved for the present century to invent!

However, Duvivier was agreeable and accomplished, and possessed that ardour which is common to all young men. He was nearly the same age as Gabrielle, and he had the additional advantage of being that young lady's cousin—a relationship which she naturally regarded as justifying a certain amount of intimacy such as had never existed between herself and M. de Grandlieu. In a word, Duvivier was vivacious, confidential, and twenty-two; whereas M. de Grandlieu was grave, reserved, and thirty-five. But, above all, Gabrielle had not been ordered to love her cousin Duvivier—

and probably that was the very reason why she conceived a violent affection for him.

Gabrielle had decided not to accept M. de Grandlieu's hand. She had even made up her mind, if necessary, to tell him herself that she could not endure him—which, however, would scarcely have been true. Certainly, her father's word had been given to M. de Grandlieu, and she knew that he was not a man to forget a promise, especially one of so solemn a nature. But she could appeal to M. de Grandlieu, and entreat him not to claim the fulfilment of the promise; in which case her father would, of course, be unable to say a word. How could he offer his daughter's hand to a man who did not even think it worth while to ask for it?

In the meanwhile Charles Duvié had to depart. For the last time the two cousins walked by the side of the river; and, for the last time, swore that nothing on earth should separate them. As Gabrielle was returning to the château pale, dejected, and scarcely able to conceal her tears, she met M. de Grandlieu coming from it. She looked at him almost scornfully, and felt that she hated him.

She had scarcely entered when her father informed her that M. de Grandlieu had just been there to claim her hand. He had granted it, but had at the same time stated candidly that he believed his daughter had no very great affection for her intended bridegroom. Still, his word had been given, and must be held sacred; and he had promised to intimate his wishes to Gabrielle at the earliest opportunity. M. de Grandlieu, however, had refused to allow the young girl to be sacrificed to him, and had left M. de Viremont much mortified by what he had heard, but determined not to accept Gabrielle's hand unless given willingly by herself.

"Then you really love Gabrielle?" the father had said. "I am devoted to her," was the reply, "and my only ambition is to make her happy. For this very reason I can never consent to an arrangement which would ensure her misery."

M. de Grandlieu shook M. de Viremont by the hand, left the château, and soon afterwards started for Paris. Gabrielle had met him and had scarcely deigned to return his bow, and it was this that made him determine to take his departure without delay. Gabrielle respected and admired the noble-minded gentleman who had not hesitated a moment when he found that her happiness was at stake, and she pitied him for the despair which she now felt she had indeed caused him. Above all, she reproached herself with the marked coldness that she had exhibited towards him at a moment when he was leaving her, perhaps for ever, and when he had just abandoned his most cherished hopes rather than cause her the least uneasiness by appearing any longer in the unwelcome character of a suitor.

As for M. de Viremont, he felt satisfied that his daughter would sooner or later discover the noble qualities that Gustave undoubtedly possessed, and he never wrote to Gustave without assuring him that the promise still existed which bound his daughter to the son of his oldest friend.

In the meanwhile M. de Viremont impressed, day after day, upon his daughter the necessity and duty of children submitting in all things to the will of their parents; and sometimes poor Gabrielle felt so thoroughly dejected by these continual remonstrances and upbraidings (for such they were, however concealed), that she almost felt inclined to write to M. de Grandlieu and entreat him to return to La Vendée and marry her without delay.

At last M. de Grandlieu did return, and renewed his attentions to Mlle. de Viremont, who, remembering well how ungrateful her conduct must have appeared on a former occasion, made a point of showing that she appreciated them, and even went so far as to express pleasure at seeing her father's friend once more at their château.

These words were mistaken both by M. de Grandlieu and M. de Viremont himself; and the latter was by no means surprised when, on the following day, the former renewed his request to be allowed to claim the hand of Gabrielle. Her father was determined, at all events, that M. de Grandlieu should be met with no second refusal, and he entreated, urged, and finally commanded his daughter to accept him. He had promised to send M. de Grandlieu a formal answer the next morning.

That very evening the news arrived of a misfortune which had happened to M. de Grandlieu. He had lost nearly the whole of his property, the greater part of which had been invested in Paris in a speculation that had failed completely.

If M. de Grandlieu had just inherited a million francs Gabrielle would have refused him, as she had already done, or would have sought to do so in spite of all her father's arguments and threats. But, after apparently encouraging him on the previous day, she dreaded lest her refusal should appear to be dictated by motives of avarice. Her father was indignant at her not instantly consenting to accept the hand of one to whom she had been promised for the last ten years, and he now reproached himself with weakness in not having forced her to marry M. de Grandlieu two years before. The notion that his own and his daughter's motives might be suspected now that his friend was left without any property, except the château and the few acres that surrounded it, made him furious, and he ordered Gabrielle to accept M. de Grandlieu at once, adding that if she still refused he should no longer look upon her as his daughter.

M. de Viremont was with his daughter when he was informed that M. de Grandlieu was anxious to see him. The noble-hearted young man had come to abandon all claim to the hand of Mlle. de Viremont, now that his circumstances rendered it impossible for him to maintain her in the position to which she was naturally entitled. But M. de Viremont would scarcely allow him to finish his speech. He hastened to inform him that Gabrielle consented to the union, and he himself was overjoyed at being able to welcome as his son-in-law the son of his dearest friend.

However, M. de Grandlieu was determined, and, finally, he would only consent to accept the hand of Mlle. de Viremont upon condition that she would herself assure him that she gave it willingly and of her own accord.

Gabrielle, when she heard for what purpose M. de Grandlieu had come to the château, could not conceal the admiration with which his conduct inspired her. She could oppose nothing to her father's arguments, and felt, indeed, that if she persisted in her refusal M. de Viremont would be disgraced. Of her own accord she placed her hand in that of M. de Grandlieu, and assured him that she did so freely and willingly. He would have wished her to add "joyfully," and attributed the absence of that or any similar expression to her girl-like modesty.

To convince M. de Grandlieu that she accepted his hand from no compulsion, Gabrielle fixed an early day for the marriage and then retired to her room, and in a heart-broken state confessed her infidelity to Charles Duvié, whom she still loved with all the ardour of innocence and youth. She kept nothing secret from her cousin, but explained candidly to him through what a fatal combination of circumstances it had become impossible for her to refuse the hand of M. de Grandlieu.

The marriage was celebrated at night. The pallor of the bride was accounted for in every way but the right one, and soon after the ceremony Gabrielle disappeared.

She had been absent about half an hour when her father, and especially her husband, began to be uneasy. Soon afterwards her waiting-maid was sent to her room, but she was not there, and one of the gardeners said that half an hour before he had seen her cross the park and walk in the direction of the river.

Gabrielle was at that very moment by the river-side, in the very spot where two years before she had plighted her faith to Charles Duvié. The scene, and the recollections it brought with it, overpowered her, and she fainted. When she recovered she heard voices on all sides, and saw a multitude of torches which the servants were placing in every part of the park. She hurried to the château, and met M. de Grandlieu close to the entrance. Her hair was dishevelled, her face and hands covered with blood, and her white dress soiled by the mud of the river banks.

"Kill me," she exclaimed to her husband; "kill me. You have a right to do so. I have deceived you. I do not love you."

She was about to fall from exhaustion. M. de Grandlieu carried her to her room.

Then Gabrielle told, in the midst of her sobbing, how she had married him from a feeling of honour alone. "An hour later," she exclaimed, "and I should have refused you, and my father would have had pity on me and have carried my refusal to you himself. But when you came to us so nobly, and liberated me of your own accord, I was unable to tell you that I did not love you, and that, in spite of your misfortunes, I could not accept you for my husband."

"Have you told me all?" asked M. de Grandlieu. "Not yet. I must confess to you that I love another—one whom I promise you never to see again, but whose memory I cannot forget. My life is in your hands, and I call upon you to take it!" shrieked the young girl, in a fever of despair.

"No, Gabrielle," said M. de Grandlieu. "By one single act you have destroyed the happiness of three persons." And then, with a look of ineffable sadness, he left the room.

Gabrielle's agitation ended in a violent fever.

M. de Grandlieu only saw his wife once or twice in the day, when he entered her room to inquire after her health, which caused him much anxiety. One morning he brought her a letter which had just arrived from Paris.

"Take it, Madam!" he said. "I need not tell you that I have respected the real."

"Read it, M. de Grandlieu!" said Gabrielle; "read it; I entreat you to do so"—but he had already left the room.

The letter was from Charles Duvié, and was a masterpiece of egotism. "And so, my dear cousin," said this facetious lover, "you still think of what took place two years ago. I remember the walk you speak of by the river side and the evening that we exchanged our vows of eternal affection. It was rather cold, but, nevertheless, I was happy. Those days have gone, and, alas! will never return. But, do you know, my dear Gabrielle, that you are very much better than I am, and that, instead of my reproaching you, you have a great deal more right to reproach me? I was married last year—to Mlle. Dupont, a capital match, forty thousand francs down. It is now my turn to congratulate you, and I do so most sincerely. M. de Grandlieu is just the husband that will suit you, though I do not understand how the fact of his being ruined could be such a strong temptation for you to marry him."

Gabrielle scarcely took the trouble to finish the letter. She was at first mortified, then indignant, then scornful, and at last delighted. Her love for Charles Duvié had disappeared so completely that it seemed as if she had never known him. She hurried after her husband, and found him on horseback, with a gun on his shoulder.

"Do not go," she said, her face radiant with joy. "Come back, Gustave." It was the first time she had called him by his Christian name.

"You have received news that appears to delight you," said he, with a sad smile, and striking his spurs into his horse, he disappeared across the country.

That morning, some hundred gentlemen on horseback rode past the Château de Grandlieu. All were armed, and all looked too serious to admit of the notion that they were going out merely on a shooting excursion. In the course of the day, the well-known cry of the Chouans were heard, and before evening the report of musketry indicated that they were actually engaged with the military.

At night M. de Grandlieu's horse returned without him—at once an omen and a sign. Gabrielle understood how great a calamity had befallen her, and hurried to her father's house.

"Dead! Dead!" was all she could utter. The fever returned with renewed violence, and in the course of a few days the unfortunate Gabrielle followed her husband, struck down by grief, as he had been struck down by the balls of the soldiers.

M. de Viremont did not long survive his daughter, and thus M. Charles Duvié inherited his uncle's château, which he lost no time in selling to a manufacturer of Nantes, who soon afterwards converted it into a cotton-mill.

MR. STANSFELD'S PEDIGREE.

A CORRESPONDENT of a daily contemporary, signing himself "A Cadet of Lude," gives the following as the pedigree of the late Junior Lord of the Admiralty:—

Perhaps it may astonish some of the partisans on the Opposition side, who are so fond of talking about our "aristocracy" and our "old institutions," to learn how little their own genealogy can compete with that of the late Junior Lord of the Admiralty. The discussion has imparted a new interest to this point, and, as my reading has made me familiar with some facts regarding his family, perhaps you will allow me to state them. As a voucher for my trustworthiness I enclose my card. The Stanfords have been settled in Yorkshire for eight centuries; the founder of the family having been Jordan de Stanfeld, Lord of Stanfeld, in the reign of the Conqueror (whose companion in arms he was), and from whom Mr. James Stanfeld is twenty-third in lineal male descent. But since the marriage of his grandfather with Sarah, the only child and heiress of Thomas Wolrich, of Ankerly House, in the county of York, Mr. Stanfeld's family represents also one of the oldest and most illustrious houses in the country—that of Wolrich of Huntingdonshire. This family is descended in unbroken male line from Ordgar, Duke and Earl of Devonshire and Cornwall, through the marriage of whose second son—the ancestor of the family—with Eltwina, daughter of Ethelred, daughter of Alfred the Great, they derive their descent from that great monarch.

Through this alliance, and others which I need not detail, Mr. Stanfeld is thirtieth in descent from Alfred the Great, eighteenth from Henry III., twentieth from Edward I., and through Matilda, the Conqueror's Queen, is descended from Charlemagne and Pharamond. Did space permit, it were easy to show the connection of the family of Wolrich with almost every Royal family in Europe.

The Swan, the heraldic device of the Wolriches, is one of great antiquity and high honour, and is only borne by those families who claim descent from Aldith the Swan-necked—"swannebals"—Harold's Queen—viz., in England the Audleys, Beauchamps, and Barons Stafford; the Cadwors of Wales; and in Scotland the families of Aisla, Vemys, and Sinclair. It was borne also by the Dainad, or Celtic Kings of Scotland, the last male of whom was Alexander III., and belongs to their representatives the baronial houses of Robertson of Lude, Struan, and their branches. These facts are well known to heralds and genealogists, and are scattered over all the standard works on such subjects; but your readers will satisfy themselves by referring to so accessible a book as "Burke's Landed Gentry," edition 1846—family, Stanfeld of Burley Wood and Jersey.

There are not, probably, half a dozen members of either House of Parliament who can boast of so pure and illustrious a descent, without blemish or bar sinister on their shields; and it is only bare justice to a much-abused man that the English people should know that he is pre-eminently one of the gentlemen of his nation.

On Monday a meeting of gentlemen of Halifax was held at the White Swan Hotel, for the purpose of considering the most suitable manner of conveying to Mr. Stanfeld an expression of respect. Mr. John Crossley presided. A resolution, setting forth the indignation of the meeting at the persecution to which Mr. Stanfeld has been recently subjected, was proposed and adopted. A committee was then formed to decide upon the best way of carrying out the wishes of the meeting.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF GARIBOLDI AND THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.—The friendship which exists between the gallant Italian stranger and the Duke of Sutherland arose, it is said, in the first instance from the generous sympathy the Duke felt for the gallant Garibaldi during his illness from the wound he had received at Aspromonte. The Duke, while staying at Naples in the winter of 1862, went over to Capri and visited the unfortunate soldier. The spontaneous frankness of the Duke deeply impressed the patriot. Since then the warmest friendship has existed between them. Learning that General Garibaldi intended visiting this country, the Duke of Sutherland requested his friend of Capri to make his house his home while in London.

FUNERAL OF MR. T. P. COOKE.—The remains of the late Mr. T. P. Cooke were interred on Monday afternoon in the family vault, at Brompton Cemetery, in the presence of a vast number of the members of the theatrical profession. Shortly after twelve the hearse, containing the remains of the deceased, four mourning carriages, and a number of private carriages, left the late residence of Mr. Cooke, 37, Thurloe-square, and proceeded to the cemetery at Brompton, where a great many professional friends of the deceased were assembled, and amongst others present were Mr. Cooke, Mr. Webster, Mr. Lane, Mr. Graham Murray, and Mr. Hughes. On reaching the gate of the cemetery a procession of nearly 100 persons was formed, which followed the hearse to the chapel of the cemetery. The service for the dead having been read in an impressive manner by the Rev. Mr. Meadows, the coffin was finally lowered to its last resting-place.

THE COTTON-FIELD.

THERE can scarcely be a more charming scene than is presented by the cotton harvest on a South American plantation. At first sight, and on an estate where the domestic institution of slavery is regarded as inevitable but as involving real responsibilities—that is to say, where "the black chattel" is held to be worthy of human kindness and care—the cotton-fields appear to be a negro Arcadia; not that every part of the work is very light or the hours of labour very short; but the negro himself finds it impossible to be absolutely wretched even under discouraging circumstances, and is absolutely overflowing with fun when the time passes merrily and there is nothing whatever to hope for in the way of a treat. The negro in the Slave States of America retains many of the same qualities as are to be observed in his black brethren who are in more favourable circumstances; and it must be admitted that, in many cases, where the slaveowner is kind to his people, the conditions of slavery seem strangely to chime in with the negro temperament.

"In many respects," says Mr. Anthony Trollope, "the negro's phase of humanity differs much from that which is common with us, and which has been produced by our admixture of blood and our present extent of civilisation. They are more passionate than the white men, but rarely vindictive, as we are. The smallest injury excites their eager wrath, but no injury produces sustained hatred. In the same way, they are seldom grateful, though often very thankful. They are covetous of notice, as is a child or a dog; but they have little idea of learning continual respect. They best love him who most unlikes themselves, and they despise the coloured man who approaches them in breed. They have no care for to-morrow, but they delight in being gaudy for to-day. Their crimes are those of momentary impulse, as are also their virtues. They fear death; but if they can lie in the sun without pain for the hour, they will hardly drag themselves to the hospital, though their disease be mortal. They love their offspring, but in their rage will ill-use them fearfully. They are greedy of food, but generally indifferent as to its quality. They rejoice in finery, and have, in many cases, begun to understand the benefit of comparative cleanliness; but they are rarely tidy. A little makes them happy, and nothing makes them permanently wretched."

It is not to be denied that in many cases the happiness or misery of the negro is cared for but little on the plantation; but it must also be remembered that that enormous trade in cotton, the falling off of which we now deplore as one of the worst consequences of the American war, required for its development that the institution of slavery should not be interfered with. "The chief abettor of the slave trade (says a writer in a weekly journal in December, 1861) has been the Lancashire cotton-dealer, because, having insufficient thought for the future, he sought out no fresh fields whence to obtain his staple, and gave no encouragement to pastures new in other parts of the tropics."

The common herbaceous cotton-plant, which is the species most generally cultivated, is divided into annual and perennial plants; the first rises only to the height of eighteen or twenty inches and bears a large pale-yellow flower, with a purple or crimson centre, which produces a pod about the size of a walnut. This, when ripe, bursts and exhibits the fleecy cotton, in which the seeds are imbedded. This species, which is a native of Persia, is the original of that grown in the United States, in Sicily, and in Malta, the "Sea Island" variety, imported from Georgia, being much the most valuable description.

The quantity of cotton yielded by each plant is as various as its quality; but the cotton-plant will grow in most situations and soils, and may be cultivated with little trouble or expense.

When the season has been favourable, the cotton is in general fit for pulling about seven months after it has been sown, but its ripeness is at once indicated by the spontaneous bursting of the pod.

The cotton plant, or shrub, which is only acclimated in America, is indigenous in India. It has something of the size and appearance of a currant-bush. On the centre of each petal of the white flower there is a crimson spot; the flower, when it withers, is succeeded by the pods, and these, when they are about the size of an apple, burst open, the downy fibres of the seed-vessels hanging down in large feathery flakes.

It may easily be understood what constitutes the beauty of a cotton landscape, then. Yellow blossoms, crimson spotted petals, snowy tufts, all combine to vary the scene as the season advances. The long or short staple cotton is so called from the length of these fibrous flakes, which are, in fact, the hair of the seed.

It has been computed that the British manufacturers paid annually to the American planters for raw cotton ten millions sterling more than the natural price; that is to say, that if Africa and India, and the islands where cotton might be grown, had been competing with Georgia and Carolina, the aggregate cost would have been less by that amount through favourable competition. The American cotton-growers have achieved their monopoly by untiring energy and perseverance, which is all the more surprising when we remember that the plant was acclimated in America by the negroes during the last century. In order to gain their pre-eminence, however, they were compelled to have recourse to slave labour, since they would otherwise never have obtained hands to perform their field work. Not that slave labour is cheap; indeed, it is stated that, while the West Indian coolie costs only ten pence halfpenny a day, the labour of the slave in Cuba or South America demands a dollar a day. But then the slave of Carolina and Georgia is an unrivalled cotton-picker, and this cotton commands the best price, because it is so thoroughly cleaned. It is this art of cotton-cleaning which, even when experiments have been made, has given the American such a superior position over the African or East Indian grower. Neither from the cotton-fields of Kentucky, where the plant grows low, pinched, and small; nor from the great riverside plantations of the Mississippi, where it flourishes rankly to six feet in height and with leaves as broad as those of a sycamore, are the great bales now sent to our English mills. In many plantations the land is resting from its long succession of exhausting crops, and in some places the fields may have been manured with blood. The cotton-plantation no longer exhibits its signs of life at harvest-time. The rows of sturdily "niggers" going out to work, followed by the overseer; the blast of the horn announcing dinner-time; the field gangs strolling homeward to their whitewashed cabins, and carrying their heavy shoes upon their shoulders; the peculiar sound of the "gin" at work; the great square, iron-bound bales jolting in the heavy carts along the dusty road towards the bank of the river, where they will be taken by the steamer, already a moving mountain of bales, to the Levee at New Orleans;—all these things make up the lively interest of the cotton harvest; but they may all undergo great changes before the Southern growers resume their labours, for the English market may by that time be no longer dependent upon Georgia and Carolina, and the institution of slavery may have assumed strangely-altered proportions.

SHAKESPEAREAN RELIC.—The country will shortly possess the famous and beautiful cabinet, carved from the wood of the cherry-tree, presented by the Corporation of Stratford-upon-Avon to David Garrick upon the occasion of the jubilee of 1769. This exquisite work of art, representing scenes from the plays of Shakespeare, carved with wonderful spirit and minuteness, together with the Garrick correspondence upon the subject, the medal presented to the actor, and a perfectly unique ring containing a fine miniature of Shakespeare under crystal and set in gold, has been bequeathed to the British Museum by the late Mr. George Daniel, of Canonbury, the eminent book collector and well-known antiquary and author, who died, in his seventy-fifth year, of apoplexy, last week. The deceased was the direct descendant of Paul Danell, the head of the distinguished Huguenot family.

ACCIDENTS AT THE RECEPTION OF GARIBOLDI.—On Monday several members of the "Garibaldian Legion" formed a portion of the guard of honour to Garibaldi on his entry into London. One of them, Henry Matthews, was knocked down and very much injured by a kick from the horse of one of the mounted police. He was immediately removed to the nearest surgeon, where he received every attention. Afterwards he was taken home. Another of the volunteers received very serious injury by the wheel of the General's carriage passing over both his arms. He was quite disabled. On the General's arrival at Stafford House there was a great rush into the courtyard, when another of the Legion was knocked down and the wheel of the carriage passed over his chest. He was conveyed to the nearest hospital, and he lies there still in considerable danger.



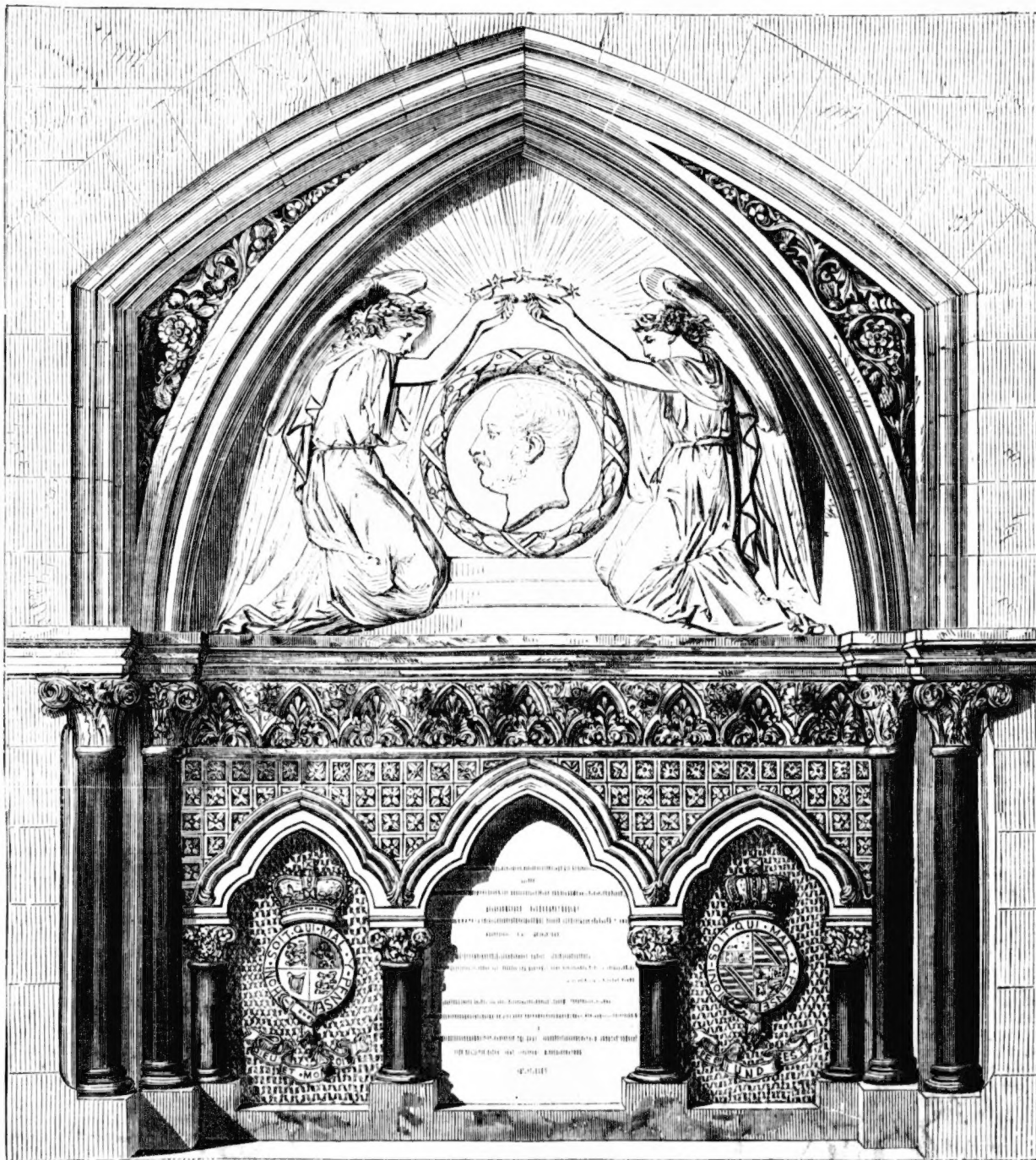
COTTON-PICKING IN THE SOUTHERN STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

MONUMENT TO THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT IN WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH.

A MONUMENT, of which we this week publish an Engraving, has lately been erected to the memory of the Prince Consort by her Majesty in the church at Whippingham, Isle of Wight. Whippingham Church was recently rebuilt from designs suggested by the late Prince, who took a lively interest in the progress of the building, and was himself frequently upon the spot inspecting the state of the works and determining upon the details of the erection. Whippingham Church is therefore singularly appropriate as the site of a memorial of his Royal Highness. The monument (the joint production of Mr. Theed and Mr. Humbert) is placed in an arched recess, or framework of Caen stone, in the western wall of the south chancel.

The upper portion of the design, executed in Carrara marble, consists of a medallion of the Prince, encircled by a wreath of laurel. Two kneeling figures, with extended arms, support a cluster of stars over the medallion, illustrative of the quotation from Revelations in the inscription below—viz., "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The spandrels of the arch are filled with foliage, carved in alabaster, on a gold ground.

The lower portion is divided into three panels, separated by small shafts of red Portuguese marble, with capitals and arches of alabaster, surmounted by a cornice similar in character to the spandrels before mentioned. Two of the larger shafts or columns are of Greek green and two of Irish green marble. In the panels (of Carrara marble) are the arms of the Queen and of the Prince, and in the centre the following inscription:—"To the beloved Memory of FRANCIS ALBERT CHARLES AUGUSTUS EMMANUEL, Prince Consort, who departed this life December 14, 1861, in his 43rd year. 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'—Rev. ii. 10. This Monument is placed in the Church erected under his



MONUMENT TO THE PRINCE CONSORT, ERECTED BY HER MAJESTY, IN WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT.
(MR. HUMBERT, ARCHITECT; MR. THEED, SCULPTOR. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HUGHES, OF RYDE.)

direction, by his broken-hearted and devoted Widow, Queen Victoria. 1864."

GARIBALDI AT SOUTHAMPTON AND BROOK HOUSE.

AT SOUTHAMPTON.

IN our last week's Number we published full details of the landing and public reception of General Garibaldi in Southampton. We now give a couple of Engravings illustrative of the occurrences in that town. One of these portrays the reading of the address in the Townhall, ample details of which ceremony we have already published. Our other Engraving depicts the departure of the General for the Isle of Wight. Almost immediately after the conclusion of the proceedings in the Townhall, Garibaldi left for the Royal Pier, where he was to embark, with Mr. Seely, on board the steamer Sapphire. The two piers and the adjacent shore presented an extraordinary spectacle, lined as they were with thousands of persons. The vessels displayed all their wealth of flags; steamers, small boats, and other light craft bore as close to the Sapphire as was consistent with safety; and some of the more adventurous went out some distance into the river in the hope that they might be able to approach near enough to obtain a view of the General. Shortly after one o'clock Garibaldi's arrival was announced by the tumult of applause with which he was received. When his carriage stopped on the pier he was surrounded by a number of too demonstrative persons, who insisted upon shaking hands with him, with which exaction, however, he good-humouredly complied. When he got on board the Sapphire he took up a position near the wheel, and bowed and waved his farewells to the people. In another moment the steamer left the pier, and at that instant the cannon at the platform battery thundered a salute.

IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

On arriving at Cowes the General was received with enthusiasm by an immense concourse of people. He at



BROOK HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT, THE RESIDENCE OF C. SEELY, ESQ., M.P.

once entered Mr. Seely's carriage, which was in waiting, and proceeded across the island to Brook House. During his stay in the Isle of Wight Garibaldi was visited by M. Mazzini, M. Herzen, the distinguished Russian exile, Mr. Tennyson, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and numerous other persons of eminence. He was also entertained at a banquet by the Mayor and Corporation of Newport. On Saturday he visited Portsmouth, and inspected the dockyards, under the guidance of Sir Michael Seymour and the other heads of departments, from all of whom he received the utmost attention. Sunday he spent quietly at Brook House.

Picturesque on the whole, though stony in parts, the Isle of Wight is not a bad place to live in; and Brook comprises in itself and immediate neighbourhood all the good characteristics of the island. The mansion—an old Bourbon refuge, that had fallen into some decay till Mr. Seely took it in hand, and made it the luxuriantly comfortable dwelling it now is—stands tolerably high, and is well sheltered from the south-west winds, which cut and flatten the tops of the trees all over the island, and give their branches a fixed inclination northwards. Here, at this present time, the mildness of spring is a delightful fact, and a profusion of spring flowers are in bloom. There is a pretty village church within ten minutes' walk of Brook House; and, if Garibaldi had attended Protestant service in the morning, he would only have fulfilled a hope which was indulged by many members of an unusually large congregation. However, he did not go. An orchard-house, with peach-trees loaded with blossom, was a favourite resort of Garibaldi; and, wherever he might be escorted afterwards, he never failed, during his stay at Brook, to take a morning stroll among the covered fruit-trees, quietly puffing his cigar. Six o'clock was the invariable hour for his rising; and at seven he was always to be seen in the long glass conservatory, attended by one of his secretaries and the gardener (Mr. Gray). There are few persons, however humble, about Mr. Seely's domain who have not grown familiar with General Garibaldi, or who will not miss his well-known figure, grave, measured voice, and kindly smile.

THE OPERAS.

THE event of the past week at the Royal Italian Opera has been the reappearance of Herr Wachtel, formerly of unhappy memory, now of jovial recollection to all who have just heard him in "Il Trovatore" and delight in the high tenorial C sung vigorously from the chest. "I can only play this one note," objects the young man, entirely ignorant of music, whom Bilboquet, in "Les Saltimbanques," orders to attempt a performance on the trombone. "Then play it," replies the mountebank, "and the admirers of that note will be enchanted." The name of the admirers of C sung from the chest is legion, and Herr Wachtel has it really in his power to produce that general pleasure which Bilboquet imagined, or pretended to imagine, could be excited by the production of a single note on a brass instrument badly blown.

The truth is that Herr Wachtel's voice is quite of a phenomenal character. There is no tenor's voice like it. Mongini could shout at the top of his voice more loudly than most tenors. Tamberlik can still, we believe, squeeze out a high C in what may technically be called a chest voice, but which to the uninitiated would seem to have its origin in the throat. It is said that there was once a tenor who could produce a C from a far lower region, and who on great occasions gave forth what his enemies called an *ut d'abdomen*. Wachtel's great note appears to be the real *ut de poitrine* which used to be so frantically applauded when Duprez sang it in the "Suivez moi" of William Tell, and which, as credible ear-witnesses have testified, used also to be frantically applauded when he omitted it. As to that, the writer of this article would be delighted to bet Herr Wachtel one night's salary that if he will sing "Di quella pira" half a note lower than it is written, executing the high passage precisely as he executes it now, that the audience will applaud the B from the chest quite as much as they now applaud the C, and under the impression that they are applauding C. He must sing his high note with much emphasis, and let every man in the theatre see clearly that he is doing something very difficult, and he will be sure to lose.

To do full justice to the marvellous physical capabilities of the new singer, we may now add that the note which is as a vocal summit to other tenors—even ambitious ones—and beyond which few even of the most daring, and of the most extensively endowed, have ever ventured to aspire, marks not the limit of Herr Wachtel's voice. We are informed that, on the occasion of his renewed debut, there was considerable apprehension in the orchestra lest in the slow movement of his great declamatory air he should attack D flat, and that but for the earnest prayers of the judicious conductor he would really have done so, thereby weakening the effect of his subsequent violent (and, by the composer, quite unprovoked) onslaught upon C, which, as it was, came upon us all like a clap of thunder, unpreceded by any sort of lightning. We trust it is no unjustifiable violation of confidence to mention, on the authority of a "mutual friend," that Herr Wachtel, besides a C and a D flat, carries also a D natural in his chest. In time, no doubt, the whole of Herr Wachtel's vocal luggage will be brought out and displayed before an admiring public. In the meanwhile, we can assure those of our readers who have not heard him—and we appeal to those who have to confirm our opinion—that though he has an unlimited tenor voice, and though he has evidently good intentions, and must have worked hard to improve as much as he has really done since he was among us before, yet that he sings neither with intelligence, nor with sentiment, nor with taste. To make our meaning plain, we may add, that we should cite the unmelodious Formes as a singer possessing the first of those qualities, and the undramatic Graziani as one possessing the two last, and Mario, the best operatic actor, and altogether the best and most sympathetic dramatic singer of the day, as possessing all three, though, of course, with an imperfect voice, or rather with the fragments of a voice once perfection. Italians assure us that, to them, it is positively painful to hear Herr Wachtel pronounce Italian words and sing Italian music, and we should certainly have thought that it would be much better for him to go and study somewhere (almost anywhere) in Italy, than to continue singing at German theatres to German audiences. Herr Wachtel's voice has many more notes in it than Mario's, and Mario's voice does not get better every year. Nevertheless, if we had to choose between the two, if it was necessary that one should go, and one only could remain, we should say, without one moment's hesitation, "Let Herr Wachtel's passport be made out forthwith for Hamburg, Vienna, or elsewhere, and Mario shall stay in London." Nor should we be making any sacrifice, as far as our own personal taste is concerned; in spite of which Mr. Gye does quite right in engaging a great variety of tenors for the great variety of persons who compose the audience at the Royal Italian Opera—tenors who would sing admirably but for want of voice, and tenors who would sing admirably but for want of art. That is the great choice offered to us in the present day. Some have a C in the chest, others a B flat in the throat; many, very many, have a bee in the bonnet, but the great distinction between them is that some possess artistic qualities without physical means, while the others possess physical means but are not artists. A few are neither genuine artists nor successful vociferators, but these are not to be heard of at the Royal Italian Opera.

All things considered, the most perfect tenor now in England is probably Giuglini. Certainly no other tenor has such an even, smooth, and thoroughly beautiful voice, and if he does not, as a rule, sing high notes that are not set down for him, he at least sings what is set down for him in a manner that would delight the composer. We like him best when he does not attempt to act, and we wish he did not now and then dwell upon long and effective notes until at last all the effect is spoilt. But for this fault (which, unfortunately, whenever it is indulged in gains for him the vehement applause of a large and absurd portion of the audience) his singing would be perfect; and we never heard him sing better than on Saturday last, when, on the occasion of the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre, he appeared for the first time in England as the Duke of Mantua in "Rigoletto."

Although the performance of "Rigoletto," as given last Saturday

at Her Majesty's Theatre, was one of the most interesting, and, in some respects, one of the very best, that we ever attended—and, like many other persons, we have often seen Mario, Ronconi, and the lamented Bosio (quite incomparable as Gilda) in the principal parts. Though it may sound in some quarters like heresy to say so, the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre is now quite equal to the justly celebrated one of the Royal Italian Opera. Under the intelligent and artistic direction of Signor Arditi the instrumental music is executed throughout with the greatest possible attention to light and shade; and the singers ought certainly to be delighted with the manner in which they are accompanied and supported, without ever being overwhelmed by the orchestral crashes which so many of our modern conductors love to produce. At Her Majesty's Theatre the chorus really takes part in the drama, while, as to the singing, it is the best chorus that has ever been heard in England at an Italian Opera House.

Of the singers who appeared in "Rigoletto" for the first time in England the youthful Mdlle. Vitali (Gilda) looks the character charmingly and sings the music charmingly also. Signor Varese (Rigoletto) is quite old enough to be the young lady's father, which is as it should be. He acts with intelligence and feeling, and, though his voice is much worn, sang so as to justify the reputation he has long enjoyed in Italy. Mdlle. Bettelheim (Maddalena) is a handsome and clever contralto, with a rich and powerful voice. Independently of her talent as a singer, we commend this young lady to the British public for her polite attention in overcoming one of the greatest difficulties in the English language, as shown in her pronunciation of the "th" (our national shibboleth) in "God Save the Queen," sung at the conclusion of the opera. Our adopted Mdlle. Titiens, a former colleague of Mdlle. Bettelheim at the Imperial Theatre of Vienna, stood by her side, and had probably acted as her English preceptor. Mdlle. Bettelheim's *th* from the teeth was as good in its way as Herr Wachtel's C from the chest. Instead of part of the company coming on in the common-place and generally unbecoming costume of everyday life, and part in the costumes of the opera just performed, this absurd incongruity was avoided by all the singers who appeared on the stage wearing some picturesque theatrical dress. As a mere sight, it was the best exhibition of vocalists we ever beheld.

FINE ARTS.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

SECOND NOTICE.

IN our previous notice we exhausted the best of the landscapes in this exhibition, with the exception of one or two. Mr. Phillips's "Jungfrau" (649) must not be allowed to pass without a meed of praise for its truthfulness; and Mr. Morris's "Smugglers' Haunt" (714) should be spoken well of for a good step in the direction of Mr. Hook, though, of course, it can hardly be expected to rival the green translucence of his waves. Nor must it be thought, because we mention Miss Witcombe's "Evening" (666) thus late in the day, it is because we had any doubt of its merit, for there are few pictures which will live better in the memory—the black trees on the hilltop standing out against the sky are too real to fade quickly.

What shall we say to Sir C. Anderson, with his views of the sea? If he desires to benefit art, he had better buy pictures and not try to paint them. Mr. George's "Grasmere" is as much too soft as the Baronet's paintings are too hard. There is a mistiness about it that wears the eye, whereas real mist—witness the dim valley in Mr. Pettitt's No. 498—lures us on in an attempt to peer into the beauties beyond.

The figure-subjects are of a much lower standard of excellence—with some few decided exceptions—than the landscapes. Foremost among them in point of novelty, at all events, is Mr. Tissot's "Prodigal Son" (259), which is something like what Mr. Marks might paint after a severe course of illuminated manuscripts at the British Museum. Careful and conscientious as the painting is, the result is far from satisfactory. The whole canvas is filled with crowded buildings, all so highly finished in detail that the eye feels them to be painfully close to it, and overtaking its powers of "absorption," so to speak. The costumes are very quaint, but well worked up, though some of the wearers of them are in stiff attitudes suggestive of lay-figuredom. The tone is grey and opaque. Yet, in spite of all this, the picture is one you are likely to spend more time before than any other. Were it not so good, it would be hardly worth the blame which we bestow. To refine on the absurdities of hopeless daubs is mere waste of time; but it is one of the best duties of the critic to show merit where it has tripped, so as to enable it to avoid like faults in future.

There are other pictures as pretentious as this in size and subject, but we will pass them over in silence, after entering a most vigorous protest against the "Red Lion" and "Blue Boar" school of art, which Mr. Hurlstone has seen fit to adopt. Muddiness is not solidity, nor is "slap-dash" the same thing as "go," to adopt terms at which Ruskin would shudder. "Miriam and Jockebed" (70) is another excursion into the regions of stiff drapery and unlovely humanity, and No. 545 is a slander on Elizabeth which not even the adventurous Froude would be cruel enough to countenance. Two other pictures, on the same key-note (518 and 593), must also fall under censure; the first is almost beneath it, the last is better in style, but utterly wrong as an illustration of "The Sempstress" or the lines of Hood quoted in the catalogue.

To return to the pleasant part of our task.—Mr. Cuthbert must certainly win the praise of all the ladies, as well as our approbation for his pictures of the "Nursery" (298); three episodes in the life of a chubby youngster who is seen in his bath—awaking with a bright flush from sleep—and looking with due solemnity on the great event—dinner. Mr. Bromley, in No. 72, treats very humorously the photographic mania, as developed among the children; and Mr. Roberts, in No. 46, has a most sympathising grand-dad and injured little body. Mr. Holmes's "Winter Provender" (175) is full of fun, and well painted, and "Grandpapa's Visit" (413), by Mr. Dowling, deserves a niche here; as also does Mr. Hemley's "Eye to the Future" (76). There are one or two excellent little pictures—Mr. Morten's "Rizzio," and Mr. Weekes's "Swiss Halberdier," for example—so infamously placed, that it is impossible to inspect them without a prostration, which may be very well at Mecca, but is not the thing in Pall-mall. Mr. Fitzgerald's poetic and beautiful "Enchanted Stream" (550) is in a similar plight.

Portraits are tolerably plentiful. Of these there is one—"Hilda V. Bansen," by Mr. Waller—which is exceedingly good, but the artist has been happy in his sitter. There are two very vivid and delightful little pictures by Mr. Hayler (12 and 16), that must be likenesses in spite of fancy titles. The first is especially pleasing.

Mr. Woolmer is a copious exhibitor; but we cannot admire his style, save in No. 219, which is a gem. In the other pictures he reminds us of "Picture-auction Turners." Mr. Cobbett is also in full force. Of his pictures we should be inclined to select any of the smaller ones in preference to the large canvas very inadequately filled by a carrier's cart.

Mr. James's "Michael Angelo" (490) is, we think, a good picture; but we cannot venture to pronounce decidedly until we have literally taken the necessary "steps" to get near enough to see it.

There are four pictures of Mr. Rossetti's here. "The Fugitive" (623) is a gem, as is "Nutting" (78), where the children are real to life, and not too clean and pretty, as they are apt to be on canvas. The "Broken Tryst" (918) is also very good. Somewhat similar to the "Nutting" are Mr. Bromley's "Birds'-nesting" pictures, but they are not quite equal in execution. There are two "Gleaners" (121 and 491), by Messrs. Hill and Stevens—both very good. Mr. Johnston's "Downhill of Life" (319) is a fine bit of colour, and Mr. Bonavia's "Girl and Dog" (426) is painted with more than ordinary skill and care, and is as successful as it deserves to be. There is a curious portrait of Turner, too, that should not be missed.

Mr. Baxter's "Bite him, Tiny!" is another capital picture in the same style, and Mr. Barraud's pretty girl looking out of window at "The Sound of the Drum" (414) is sure to arrest attention. Mr. Lewis's "Forget-me-not" (84) is very prettily treated, and so is Mr. Holmes's "Beauty and the Beast" (26). There is no lack

of expression and sly humour in Mr. Collinson's "Private and Confidential" (135). Mr. Pope's "After the Ball" (31) is excessively good in its quiet way, nor must we overlook No. 566, by Mr. Barnasconi; No. 662, by Mr. Holyoake; and No. 688, by Mr. Noble. Mr. Weekes's "Waiting for an Audience" (868) is a capital painting; and Mr. Roberts's "Life-boat" (158) deserves much praise for its grouping and the life in it, but the boat's crew are rather too neat and clean for reality, and might be the "supers" in a nautical drama. No. 372 is irredeemably bad.

Miss Ellen Edwards—though last, far from least—sends two pictures, "War Tidings" being our more especial favourite. It will be observed that the ladies are among the foremost in merit at this exhibition, which reminds us, by-the-way, that Miss Kate Swift has a clever picture here.

Still life and the animal kingdom have many exponents in Suffolk-street. For those who care for them, moss, primroses, birds'-nests, and plums are as plentiful as blackberries; there are, besides, some very well painted fresh-water fish by Mr. Rolfe. Mr. Earle is among the most successful among the animal-painters here. He has some capital doggies in Nos. 156 and 271. Mr. Aster Corbould, besides "The 1st Oct." (437), has a splendid bull (308), which is one of the handsomest "lords of a manor" we have ever met with. There is a very good one, too, in No. 357, by Mr. Goddard.

Mr. Herring sends four pictures, all good; but, to our fancy, "The Quiet Corner" (190) is the best—

*Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet.*

But "The Straw-yard" (553) is very true to nature also. Mr. Physick's "Rabbit Fancier" (617) is full of humour, the attitude of the dog and his expression being very good. Mr. Poole's "Rabbits" (384) is a quiet and unpretending little picture that tells of patient fidelity to truth and a thorough appreciation of animal life and habits. The capital dog in Mr. Horlor's "September" (280) claims a mention here; and another canine portrait (574) must not be forgotten, nor puss and puppy in No. 570.

In the figure subjects in the water-colour room Mr. W. L. Thomas bears off the palm. The children in No. 849 are most carefully painted, and the little girl "In the Swing" (908) is very pretty. There is much merit in the "Miniature" (779), by Mr. Gilbert; but the texture, partly owing to an injudicious selection of paper, is unsatisfactory.

The sculpture exhibited is not of a character to call for much mention. Mr. Bell's "Angelica" (1048) is pretty, but that is all; and the same must be said for the bust of "Dorothea" (1049), familiar to the public in parian.

We cannot conclude our notice without censuring the carelessness with which the catalogue has been prepared. It teems with the grossest blunders, which a very slight revision would have detected. Of printer's errors there are plenty, but we need not notice these, nor complain much of misspellings of the names of localities and persons, except that one is not certain of discovering Mr. Barraud in "H. Barraud;" but Rizzio is surely well enough known to be rightly spelt, and some lines of Milton should not have assigned to them as author one "A. Penseroso," as may be seen at page 26. The quotation appended to No. 752,

"Down the Wharfe a hen was flying,"

is burlesque when we remember it is a "herne" that is meant; and the classification of a French boat in No. 395 as a "chasse maigre" is quite comic. We wonder what the Abolitionists would say to the cruelty of dragging boats through a "serf" (see No. 90), or whether Tom Moore would confess to the lines,

*"One morn a Peri
At the gate of Eden
Stood disconsolate."*

Another of our wonders is what connection can exist between two very nice unpeopled landscapes (380) and the line from "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"

"What would the poor and lowly do without children?"

It was the sight of a gentleman and lady plunged into absolute chaos by this wrong insertion of the quotation belonging to No. 379 that impressed on us the necessity of calling attention to this culpable carelessness, and requesting that it may not be repeated.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD CITY.—Mr. Cardwell, the newly-appointed Secretary for the Colonies, was re-elected for Oxford City on Saturday last without opposition.

LANCASTER.—The election of a member for this borough in place of Mr. W. J. Garnett, who has resigned, took place on Wednesday. The candidates were Mr. Fenwick (Liberal) and Mr. Saunders (Conservative). Mr. Somerville Head having retired. Much excitement prevailed, and both parties are alleged to have brined freely. The numbers at the close of the poll were—Fenwick, 682; Saunders, 525; majority for Fenwick, 157.

FRESHFORD.—Mr. Kinnear and Captain Thompson having both retired from the contest, the only candidate now in the field is Sir Robert Anstruther (Liberal) who of course will have a "walk over."

EAST KENT.—The Conservatives of East Kent have selected Mr. Matthew Bell, of Bourne Ark, as their future candidate, in conjunction with Sir Brook Brydges.

EXETER.—Mr. Coleridge, Q.C., has announced his intention to stand for Exeter on Liberal principles.

A DEPUTATION from the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland is now in London canvassing Ministers and members of Parliament with a view to an increase of the Royal bounty.

ATTEMPTED DOUBLE MURDER.—A most extraordinary attempt to commit a double murder was made at Worcester, on Tuesday. One Walter Jones, the son of a highly respectable surgeon in that town, appears to have stolen a pistol from the shop of a gunmaker. He loaded the weapon, and meeting a girl in the street, he invited her to accompany him, and upon her refusing to do so, he deliberately fired the pistol, the ball, however, happily only taking effect in her left hand. The culprit was then secured by a sergeant of police, named Drew, but he was, unfortunately, able to fire another shot from his six-barrelled weapon. The wonder is that the sergeant's head was not blown to atoms, but he escaped with the loss of several of his teeth and a portion of his tongue. Jones was again captured, and formally examined before the magistrates on Tuesday.

SUPERSTITION.—At the Penryn (Cornwall) Petty Sessions, Jane Lacy, who has a wide reputation as a "cunning woman" among the lower classes, was charged with having pretended to use subtle device and craft in order to remove a "spell" from Mrs. Joanna Bate, of Penryn, who died on the 21st of March. It appeared that Mrs. Bate had been suffering for some time from bad legs. Not having received any benefit from her medical attendants, she was advised to call in Mrs. Lacy, who, upon seeing the patient, said she "had a spell upon her, but, with the help of God, in five weeks she should be the woman she was seven years ago." The prisoner further said that a person had "wished" that Mrs. Bate's arms might fall useless at her side, and that she might be struck blind; but that, instead of the "wish" being fulfilled, the spell had fallen on her legs. She described the person who had "wished" Mrs. Bate, and said the spell had fallen on her when the planets were crossing the moon. She administered medicine and gave lotion for rubbing the legs, and altogether charged £1 12s. 6d. for her services, which amount was paid. Before operating she required a lock of Mrs. Bate's hair. The magistrates committed the prisoner to two months' imprisonment, with hard labour.

A LOVE SCENE AT THE LIVERPOOL LANDING-STAGE.—The landing-stage at Liverpool was on Tuesday the scene of rather an amusing love episode, the performers in the act being residents of the town of Leeds. A young lady and gentleman there having become, we suppose, greatly attached to each other, and the course of their love not running smooth, inasmuch as the youth's parents were strongly opposed to the match, the loving couple cloped from Leeds with the intention of proceeding, not to Gretna-green, but to Dublin, there to be joined in the bonds of holy matrimony. They reached Liverpool in safety, and secured tickets for the 7.30 p.m. Dublin steamer from the landing-stage. But, meanwhile, their flight had been discovered, and the parents, having an inkling that they intended to proceed to Ireland, started off to Liverpool in pursuit. On their arrival at the station they took cab and drove in haste to the landing-stage, which they reached a few minutes before the time of the steamer starting. There they waited in anxious expectation, and presently they were rewarded for their ardour by seeing the runaways coming along the pier towards the boat. The odorous parents made a rush towards them, and the fair couple ran, but, after a short chase, were captured. The infuriated father then accosted the lady, not in the most endearing terms, and accused her of running away with his son. She very naturally repudiated the charge, and declared that it was his son who had run away with her. A crowd having by this time assembled, the police were called into requisition, who escorted the runaways to a place of safety on terra firma, whence the cruel "parents" conveyed them back to Leeds.

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